GENEALOGICAL STORY

(DAYTON AND TOMLINSON)

TOLD BY

LAURA DAYTON FESSENDEN.

1902.
CRIST, SCOTT & PARSHALL, Publishers,
COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

FAM
DAY-1
Dayton

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111

This book is donated to:

by Mildred Dayton Lawrence
in memory of my parents
Carl Otto Dayton &
Willie May(Skelton)

1/11/85

Mildred Dayton Lawrence
11757 3 NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Higginson Genealogical Books
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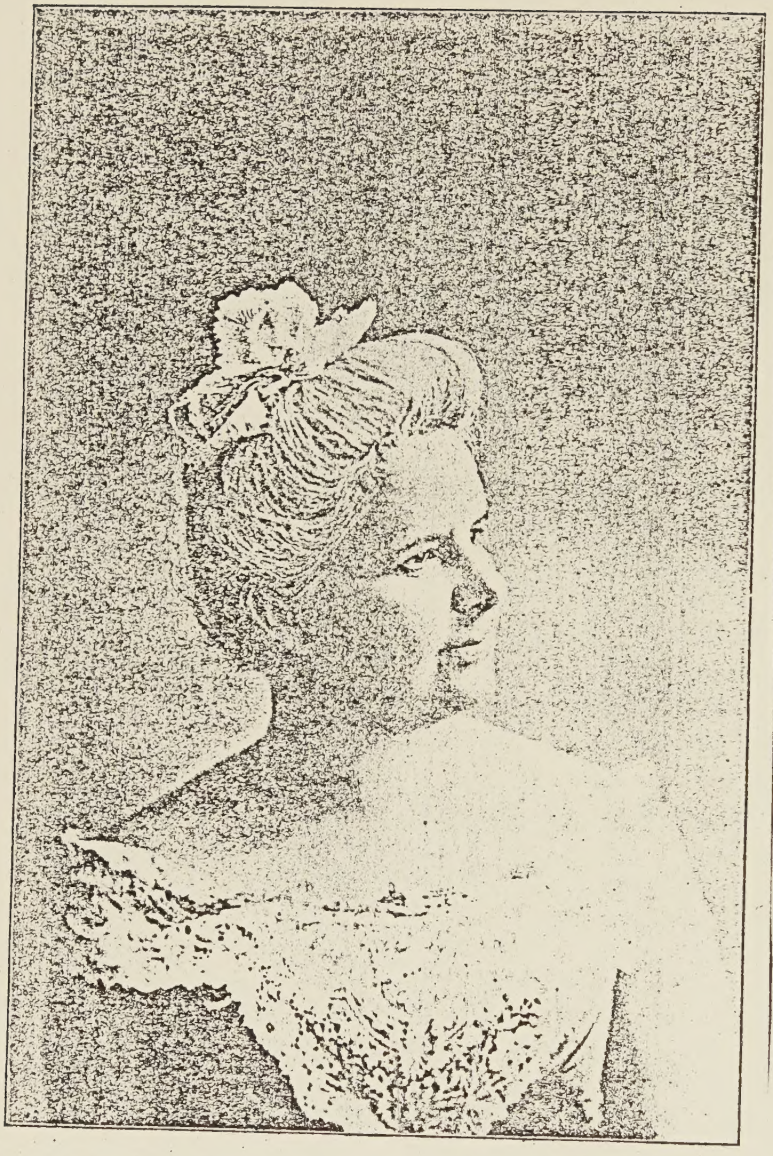

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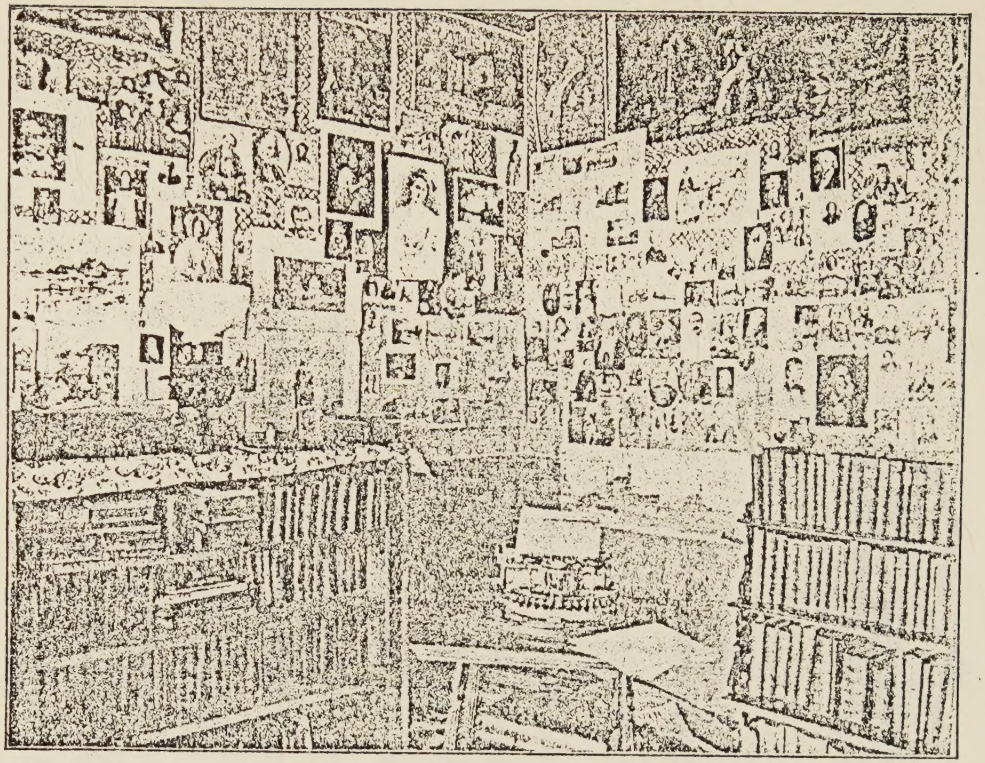


THE CORNER OF THE DEN, AT "HAPPIEGOLUCKIE,"
where the Genealogical Story was written.

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111

"HAPPIEGOLUCKIE."

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

This book has not been compiled in any spirit of vain glory. It is printed and published as an individual family memorial of an honest lineage. Naturally our link is part of a great chain and with this thought in view, the edition will be sufficiently large to enable us to present copies to certain libraries devoted to genealogical research.

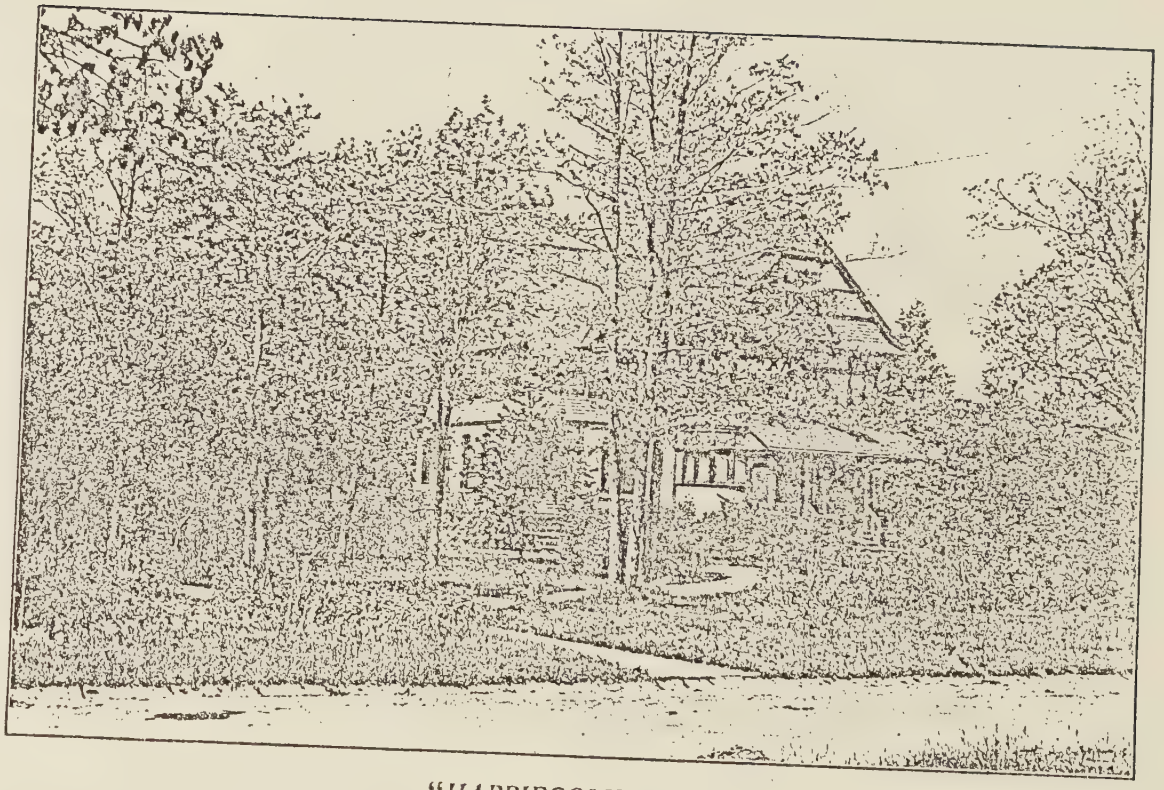
All the auto-biography has been written entirely and exclusively by me and I am grateful in having been permitted to have my way in the matter of its publication.

LAURA DAYTON FESSENDEN

January 1902.

"The history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, illustrates the state and progress of society better than any elaborate dissertation."

"Each human being possesses forces and qualities that may date back centuries and find their origin in the life and in the thoughts, and in the deeds of remote ancestors. Forces the germs of which are enveloped in the awful mysteries of life, and are transmitted silently through the generations. Thus each new life is the heir of the ages."



"HAPPIEGOLUCKIE."

TO MY

NIECES AND NEPHEWS

AND TO MY

OWN DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.

I dedicate this true story of "MANY WELL SPENT YESTERDAYS." That they may hold in grateful and loving remembrance their grandparents, MARIA ANNIS TOMLINSON AND ABRAM CHILD DAYTON, who were made man and wife in the City of New York on the Third day of September, in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Forty-four.

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Illustrations.

Frontispiece—Laura Dayton Fessenden.
The Corner of the Den at "Happiegoluckie" where the Genealogical Story was written.
"Happiegoluckie."
Cornelia Laura (Adams) Tomlinson from a miniature 1825.
Maria Annis (Tomlinson) Dayton, from photo 1876.
Charles Willoughby Dayton, from miniature about 1822.
Abram Child Dayton, from a miniature about 1835.
Abram Child Dayton, from a miniature about 1838.
Abram Child Dayton, from a miniature about 1848.
Hon. Charles Willoughby Dayton, from photo 1901.
Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr., from photo when at Harvard College, 1895.
John Newman Dayton from photo. 1901.
Laura Adams Dayton.
William Adams Dayton, M. D., photo. by Moreno 1891.
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton and William Adams Dayton, Jr.
The Fessenden Children and their Mother.
Alice Griswold Hyde Fessenden, from photo. 1901.
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden from photo. 1901.
Aymar Child Fessenden, from photo. 1901.
Benjamin Hurd Fessenden, from photo. 1894.
Alice, Dorothy and Ben Fessenden, from photo. 1901.
Laura Augusta (Newman) Dayton, from photo. 1877.
Laura Augusta (Newman) Dayton, from photo. 1901.
Benjamin A. Fessenden.
Abram Delano Child.
Eliza Delano (Child) Freeman.
Fannie Aymar (Moffitt) Child.

THE CHILDREN OF

Abram Child Dayton

AND

Maria Annis (Tomlinson) Dayton

are

CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON,

LAURA CANFIELD SPENCER (DAYTON) FESSENDEN,

WILLIAM ADAMS DAYTON,

HAROLD CHILD DAYTON,

The children who died at birth (or in babyhood)

are

MARIA ANNIS DAYTON,

JOHN CANFIELD DAYTON,

THEODORE EDWIN DAYTON,

CORNELIA BLOW DAYTON,

The Grandchildren of
Abram Child Dayton and Maria Annis Dayton,
are
CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON (JUNIOR),
AYMAR CHILD FESSENDEN,
ELIZABETH SMALLWOOD DAYTON,
JOHN NEWMAN DAYTON,
ALICE GRISWOLD HYDE FESSENDEN,
LAURA ADAMS DAYTON,
WILLIAM ADAMS DAYTON (JUNIOR),
BENJAMIN HURD FESSENDEN,
DOROTHY DAYTON FESSENDEN,
HAYDEN CHILD DAYTON.

The Grandchildren who have died
are
Luke Lockwood Dayton,
Son of
LAURA AUGUSTA (NEWMAN)
and
CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON,
Anne Bucknam, and Laura,
Children of
BENJAMIN ARTHUR
and
LAURA (DAYTON) FESSENDEN,
Nellie,
Daughter of
MARGARET (HAYDEN)
and
HAROLD CHILD DAYTON.

As our mother, MARIA ANNIS (TOMLINSON) DAYTON, was deeply interested in all that concerned her ancestors, it seems fitting that she should lead in this research.

ADAMS.

(1) William Adams,
(2) Nathaniel Adams,
(3) William Adams,
(4) Samuel Adams,
(5) Andrew Adams,
(6) Andrew Adams,
(7) Cornelia Laura (Adams) Tomlinson,
(8) Maria Annis (Tomlinson) Dayton.

(1)
WILLIAM ADAMS.

William Adams was a "Freeman" of Massachusetts, as early as 1635. He lived at Cambridge for a time, and then removed to Ipswich where he died in 1661. The name of his wife (or wives) is unknown, but it is known that he had four sons whose names were William, Samuel, John and *Nathaniel*.

(2)
NATHANIEL ADAMS.

Nathaniel Adams was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1642. He married Mercy *Dickenson*.

Nathaniel died in 1715, leaving four sons, Nathaniel, Thomas, *William* and Samuel.

(3)
WILLIAM ADAMS.

William Adams was born in Ipswich in 1678. He was twice married; first to Abigail ————, secondly to Mary ————. He removed from Ipswich to New Milford, Connecticut, in 1699, and from New Milford he went to Stratford, where he died on the second of September, 1713. He left four daughters and two sons. The daughters were Abigail, Mehetable, Esther and Elizabeth. The sons, *Samuel* and William. This William Adams (3) was one of the earliest lawyers of Connecticut.

(4)
SAMUEL ADAMS.

Samuel Adams was born in New Milford, Connecticut, in 1706. His father, William Adams (3), had not intended that his elder son should enter upon a professional career, arranging, for some reason best known to himself, that his namesake, William, should be the lawyer, and Samuel take the farm; but Samuel had a strong will, a fine mind, and indefatigable persistency. He mastered all opposing conditions, and without the aid of tutors or instructors, with a scanty supply of legal text books at his command, he by spend-

NOTE.—In 1745 Samuel Adams was one of the Five Captains of the Connecticut troupe: Roger Wolcott, Commander in Chief; Andrew Burr, Colonel; Simon Lathrop, Lieutenant Colonel; Israel Newton, Major. Captains: Elizur Goodrich, David Wooster, Stephen Lee, Samuel Adams and John Dwight.

ing the greater part of each day in study, in due time passed a creditable examination, and was admitted to practice. He removed from New Milford to Stratford, Connecticut, and was for many years one of the town's most honored citizens. He held during his life many offices of trust, both military and civil, and at one time was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Fairfield county.

Samuel Adams' nature was so noble, and his influence for good so great, that he retained to the day of his death the title of "Peace Maker." He married on the 7th of March, 1728, Mary Fairchild, a daughter of Zacharias and Hannah Fairchild of Stratford, and it is interesting to know that Mary (Fairchild) Adams, when she died on the 29th of August, 1803, was *one hundred and six* years old. The "Litchfield Monitor" of September 7th, 1803, said: "After her centennial birthday, Mrs. Adams rode thirty miles on horse-back in one afternoon, and during the last two years of her life, she frequently walked two miles to visit friends." To return to Samuel Adams, he was a loving husband, a kind father, and an excellent neighbor. During the war of the American Revolution he was a most ardent patriot. Late in life he removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, where he died November the 12th, 1788, in the 82nd year of his age. The children of Samuel Adams and Mary (Fairchild) Adams were Samuel, Elijah, Andrew and Mary. The following is a copy of a letter written by Samuel Adams to his daughter-in-law, Eunice (Buel) Adams of Litchfield.

"Pawlington, 22 May, 1782.

Smith starts this morning for Litchfield, and I write to tell you that although old and feeble, I have a great desire to see you again, but I willingly leave all things with my Redeemer. I hope that you and all yours may be prepared, when God shall call you. We are as well as usual here, and your mother and myself, present our love and respects to you all, with suitable compliments to our relatives and friends.

Your sister De Forest presents her kind respects. Doctor Samuel and his wife behave themselves most becomingly towards me, but your mother will admit of no conversation with her and she has not yet been to our house, which is a great grief to me. Some Providence orders all things I know. I wish to add, that your mother will let Samuel's wife have anything she wants of late, so I hope they will be better friends in time.

How long I have to live in this troublesome world, I know not, but 'til that time is expired, I hope to remain your tender and loving father,

SAMUEL ADAMS

P. S.

My kind love and respect to the Colonel.* When he returns, I should be glad to see him, if he could take a journey up into the country."

Concerning Mary and Elijah, children of Samuel and Mary (Fairchild) Adams, Mary married a Mr. De Forest, and Elijah died in early boyhood. Samuel Adams, Jr., was a physician, and married a Miss Dewy. For a long time Samuel Adams practiced his profession at Arlington, Vermont, and during the controversy between New York and Vermont (prior to

* Andrew Adams of Litchfield.

the Revolution), Dr. Adams at first took sides with the Vermonters in sustaining their title to the New Hampshire grants, but when the controversy was extended into years without the least prospect of settlement, the Doctor in the interest of harmony and peace, counselled an acquiescence to the demands of New York. For this advice he was badly treated by the Vermonters; his large landed estate was in danger of being confiscated, and in order to save his family from ruin, he deeded all his property to his brother-in-law, De-Forest, who again re-deeded it to his father-in-law, Samuel Adams. Doctor Adams, unlike his father and his brother, when hostilities between England and America began, espoused the cause of Great Britain, and after Burgoyne's surrender, he removed to Nova Scotia with his family.

The following is a letter written by Doctor Samuel Adams to his brother, the Hon. Andrew Adams of Litchfield, Connecticut:

"Pawlington, July 11th, 1776.

Natural affection induces me to improve this opportunity to forward this to you. Through the Divine benefactions of an Omnipotent Providence, we are all in health at present (though we have lost one child since I have had the pleasure of seeing you). Please give our tender regards to Mrs. Adams, Elijah, and the rest of the family. Any letters directed to you through father Dewey, kindly forward to me, as soon as an opportunity shall permit. My wife desires her duty to our mother, and her respects to yourself and Mrs. Adams. Accustom yourself to ride a horse daily,

but do not ride too far to fatigue you. In riding keep a shifting, not a steady pace; drink only light wines at dinner, and have a care to your diet. Do not fail to say to your family that Mrs. Adams and all our family join with me in our duty to our honored mother.

Your sincere and affectionate brother,

SAM ADAMS.

P. S.

Since I wrote the above, I find it probable that I can sell my land to De Forest, but a certificate from loyal persons would greatly aid me."

SAMUEL ADAMS."

The only other reference I have to Doctor Samuel Adams is a part of a letter written by him in which he describes to his brother Andrew, his impression of Niagara Falls, he says:

"To take a view of this much talked of Niagara, which is one of the wonders of the world, I now invite you. The Fort called Niagara stands on a point at ye mouth of ye river which makes the communication between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The river is about a mile wide, and is deep enough for any ship in the Navy to sail.

The shipping goeth up the river about seven or nine miles, and there it is unloaded, as it can go no further. The banks are nearly twenty feet high, but all at once the rocks on either side rise up about a hundred and fifty feet. The river is about half a mile wide and ninety feet deep, and the current is almost as swift as a bird will fly. The rocks on either side are perpendicular, and are about the same for about seven miles, which is up to the Falls where these rocks meet to-

gether in the middle of the river and then the whole river runs over them. Above the Falls the river is over a mile wide and considerably deep. About a mile above the Falls the river begins to run terrible rapid! a tumbling over the rocks all white with great foam! In this method it runs about a mile, and then it comes to the Falls. In the middle of the Falls in the river there riseth an Island of about two or three acres, with large timber growing out of the cracks of the rocks. When the water goeth over these rocks, it appears to have a course in the air, and then it turns and falls into a great vacancy, leaving an arch of dry space as large as two oxen might go abreast, but it is the darkest place I ever saw! Stones of all sizes are continually being carried over these Falls, and numbers of fish are sucked down. There have been several men and many boats carried over these Falls, but neither men nor boats have ever been seen since. There is a smoke which cometh up as if a coal pit was burning and a man standing near these Falls will be wet through as quick as he would on a rainy day. There are here beautiful rainbows of the brightest colors. No conversation can be heard, indeed nothing but the thunder or the firing of a cannon can be distinguished through the roar of the waters. Numbers of gentlemen from England, Ireland and Scotland, and even from the West Indies come every year to view this wonder."

---

(5)
ANDREW ADAMS.

ANDREW ADAMS, son of Samuel Adams (4) and

Mary (Fairchild) Adams, was born in Stratford, Connecticut on the 11th day of December, 1736. He graduated at Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut, in the class of 1759, and soon after settled as a lawyer at Litchfield, Connecticut, where he spent the remainder of his life. Andrew Adams was successively:

King's Attorney,
Judge of Probate,
State's Attorney,
Speaker of the House (1779 & 1780.)
Member of the State Legislature (1776 to 1781.)
Assistant Servitor,
Member of the Continental Congress,
Lieutenant Colonel (January 1780),
Colonel (October 1780) of the 17th Reg. Conn. line. He was appointed with William Williams and Elisha Dyer, a commissioner from Connecticut, to meet the commissioners from New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, at Hartford in May, 1780.
He participated in the drawing up of the Articles of Confederation,
He died while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut.

From the Congressional Records I have selected a few of the many references to the acts in which Andrew Adams took part.

"A. D. 1777. Journal of Congress, Volume 2, Page 246. Resolved by this Assembly that Roger Sherman, Eliphlet Dyer, Samuel Huntington, Oliver Wolcott, Titus Hosmer, Oliver Ellsworth and Andrew Adams, Esq., be, and they are hereby appointed, delegates to represent the State of Connecticut at the General Congress of the United States of America, and be it re-

solved that one or more of these who shall be present in said Congress, are authorized and empowered to resolve upon all measures as may be deemed necessary to be taken and pursued for the defense, security and preservation of the said United States, and for the common safety of its people."

"Journal of Congress, Volume 2, Page 319, A. D., 1777. "A motion was made to supply *Colonel Dayton* with a horse. (Andrew Adams, aye)."

"Journal of Congress, Page 193, A. D., 1777. "That a warrant be issued on the Treasurer in favor of Johnathan Dayton for Ten Thousand Dollars in discharge of the bill drawn on the Postmaster (General William Palfry, Esq.) in favor of the said Johnathan Dayton. (Andrew Adams, aye)."

"A. D., 1777, Journal of Congress, Volume 2, Page 439. "Gives the pay decided for Officers and men in the ranks of the Continental army (in this establishment Andrew Adams took part)."

"A. D., 1778, Journal of Congress, Volume 2, Page 608. "That there is due to Doctor Johnathan Dayton, for attendance and medicine to thirty-four prisoners of war, who were placed under his care by order of Brigadier Maxwell the sums of Two hundred and eleven dollars, Twenty-seven dollars, and Ninety dollars. (Aye, Andrew Adams)."

"Journal of Congress, Page 551, Volume 2, "That Two hundred dollars be advanced to Captain M. Bee to discharge a draft of John Asche (the Provisional Treasurer of the State of North Carolina). (The draft dated May 10th, 1777) in favor of one *Francis Child*. And expressed to be for the service of the United

States. The said States being accountable." (Andrew Adams, aye).

And here, being a woman, I must break in upon "the affairs of State" to say, that it is an interesting coincidence that our great, great and great, great, great grandfather Adams, was saying "aye" to the petitions of two men, probably total strangers to him, whose blood co-mingles with his own and through us of to-day.

"Journal of Congress, Volume 3, Page 58. A committee of three members was chosen as a Marine Commission. This committee are Mr. Gerry. Mr. Duer and Mr. Andrew Adams."

"Journal of Congress, Saturday, July 25th, 1778. "The Board of Treasury recommend some inspectors of Presses. A motion is made that the sense of the House be taken as to whether it will be proper to appoint any persons of ecclesiastical profession to any civil office under the United States. Whereupon the previous question was moved, and the ayes and nays being requested by Mr. Duer there were ten nays and twenty-five ayes. (Andrew Adams, aye)."

"Journal of Congress, Vol. 3, Page 639. "Resolved that a sum of money in specie, not exceeding twenty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars be issued by Elias Boudinot, Esq., Late Commissary General of prisoners for the discharge of such accounts. (Andrew Adams, aye)."

"Journal of Congress, Vol. 2, Page 642. "A letter was read from Hews Smith, also one from Allen Enderson. Ordered that these be referred to a committee on Commerce. Taken from the Commerce Committee. The members chosen were Mr. Telfair

of Georgia, Mr. Harvie of Virginia, and Mr. Andrew Adams of Connecticut."

"Andrew Adams was in this Marine and Commerce connection, appointed by Congress to demand the arrest of inimical and dangerous persons, also to meet with those from other States (at such times and places as shall be hereafter named) to consider what may be proper and necessary for the fleet and for the army, and to put the United States upon a mutually advantageous footing with that of Great Britain. Also to be vested with such power as to contract with such agents as may be appointed by the army of his Most Christian Majesty."

"Journal of Congress, Vol. 2, Page 625. "That the Marquis de Vinne, a Major in the service of the King of France, having served with reputation as a volunteer in the American army during the present campaign, requests Congress to honor him with the Brevet commission (without emolument) of Colonel, in the United States' service. Eight nays seventeen ayes. (Andrew Adams, aye)."

During my grandmother's life she had in her possession a great many valuable Colonial Papers and letters, but she made no disposition of her effects, and in the general distribution, the letters and papers were scattered past all recalling. Many probably were burned, and the few that remained were treasured by my mother, until during advancing years, her strong mind became less and less forceful, and under some delusion that she was throwing away worthless bits, I found her one day making the fire in her room, bright

with finely torn strips of old yellow paper; out of the burning ruins I snatched back all that I could, and as there was an apronful, I have been able by much patience and any amount of time to save all that is presented here. *These letters were all written to the Hon. Andrew Adams, and are addressed to him as a Member of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.* With this introduction, I present the first letter of my collection:

Litchfield, September 10th, 1778.

Sir:

Your favor of the 11th ultimo is received. The early opportunity you took to obtain an acknowledgement, that the essential part of the treaty has become positive, was no more than you were entitled to know. This discovers the earnest desire of this Nation to reduce the power of Great Britain further than by merely establishing the Independence of these States.

Be it so! Such is the insolence and pride of Great Britain that nothing but the certain expectation or the real infliction of the severest chastisement will give us peace.

I believe that God has not permitted so villainous a government as that of Great Britain to disturb human happiness, and as it is in Her power to put a period to Her present distress, and prevent the miseries which hereafter threaten Her. If She refuses to harken to wisdom, I shall be perfectly satisfied if She sinks, as all those Nations have whose violence and cruelty She has so fully imitated. In peace, Great Britain will, if we have much concern with Her, be a curse to us! For we have the same language, religion and dress, and an

old reviled and silly superstitious fondness for Her maxims of law and government, so that it would be in the power of the people of that country (with our too great facility to keep up a ridiculous veneration for them which thereby makes them able to influence our political measures) while at the same time they make use of that secret corruption, which they have for so long a time considered as essential to support the Government. The farther from Great Britain the better I think for us, and although Peace is a most desirable object, and as it has respect to our finances, unless these are speedily attended to, peace may become necessary, yet God forbid that peace should ever be settled, until we can have it established upon such principles as will give us the most confident assurance that it never will be in the power of Great Britain to give us any fresh disturbance. Your observations respecting the Treasury and the expenditures (or whatever you please to call these still unaccounted millions) will I apprehend be best remedied by a deep and universal taxation. Say twelve or fifteen millions for next year, and such other aids as can be adopted. Then constitute a board of Treasury, not for the members of Congress, but some other men of as upright and independent principles, who, Hercules-like, will cleanse these Augean stables; as it is, there are so many friends (unknown to be such) who have or hope to have accounts to settle, and wish to introduce them, or there will be some other strange reasoning, that will so govern these appointments, that is, if I may judge of them by some others, who are appointed members of some other boards, that I think you will have miraculous good luck, if you get the proper men chosen. As to the Department which

you mention, that office in itself is an insult to common sense! and the present possessor of it makes it doubly so!!

The events of the Rhode Island expedition, you will hear of earlier, and more correctly than I can give them. The expedition has proved more and less fortunate than at different times we had expected. Upon the best information which I have yet received, I can not see that Count de Stang ought to be blamed for leaving Rhode Island Station.

I have nothing very special to communicate, it is said that the Army can be and is fully supplied with fresh beef, especially from this quarter.

Home politics are much the same as when you left the country. There is some grumbling I understand, with regard to the mode of taxation and perhaps there may be some ground for it, but this a subject of which I have not a complete knowledge.

You will please inform me whether all of the States have acceeded to the Confederation? This ought to be done without delay, and in case it is effected, we shall be happy in the hope that the ligament when formed, will be sufficient to bind the acceeding States together, but until this is done, we are in a dangerous condition; our enemies in some of their late publications, have fully pointed this out to us.

What is General McIntosh about? and what is to be the fate of General Lee in the army? In this part of the country, I believe, he stands almost universally condemned, at least, I hear that is the case. He loves dogs too well to possess that genius which some think he has.

Much has to be done to bring this war to a happy

conclusion, at least this may be the case, and it is best that we should consider it in this light.

I hope or rather wish, that Congress would,—as every wise Government does,—keep its eye fixed eternally upon the Treasury, but they are too apt to avoid it as a disagreeable subject, but they ought to consider the infinite danger, which in our present circumstances, attends a neglect of this nature.

I wish that this letter had been better writ, both for your sake and mine, but you will please make the best of it.

My compliments to Mr. Hosmer.

I am sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER WOLCOTT."

Oliver Wolcott, as we all know was one of the signers of the "Declaration of Independence", and Secretary of the Treasury under President John Adams. He was a neighbor and personal friend of our ancestor Andrew Adams, and all during the Revolutionary struggle, they kept up a vigorous correspondence, of which to the best of my knowledge and belief, this is the only letter that remains, but this one certainly is a treasure, bringing us as it does, into the confidences of the founders of our Country, giving us an insight into their hopes and fears, their expressions of thought upon people and acts that made up the sum and substance of that historic yesterday.

"Litchfield, 13th July, 1778.

Honored Sir.

This early opportunity is embraced by me to begin

an epistleatory correspondence with you, though I have nothing important to communicate.

As yet we have not received particulars to be depended upon respecting the action in the Jerseys (twenty eight ultimo) and perhaps shall not till from Congress.

We hope the enemy will for the future be sparing of their blood, since our army has beat them in the field where they presumed "we would not dare to look them in the face."

Very convincing is this proof of American valor if any common reports are to be credited.

Wherefore General Lee is under arrest, remains with us an uncertainty, whether it be for rashness, remissness, or neither. We hear that a part of General Washington's army has arrived at the North River.

As to domestic intelligence, we are all in health and your family all well. Among those baptized last Lord's day, Captain Seymour's son was christened Horatio. It has been a remarkable growing season, but the weather is now moderated as to the extreme heat which we had for near three weeks together.

To me it appears something strange that the Commissioners from Great Britain should inform Congress to the effect, "that as they could not act a part in matters pertaining to the War, they would retire to New York." Was it collusion and mere deceit, or was it ignorance? for, to New York, it seems the enemy were then going! or was it the removal of the enemy from Philadelphia, (to them sudden and unexpected). But these are matters I cannot comprehend. Peace upon honorable terms is our ardent wish, upon these dishonorable our abhorrence. May the Father of Lights afford our principal counsellors all that wisdom, direc-

tion and guidance that they need. With anxious expectation we await for further information respecting the enemy's situation. *That person* who came with *Admiral Gambier,* (the one who deserted and came here a little before your departure) informs me that England is, at present, very poorly furnished with arms. He says that upward of twenty thousand were lost last Spring after being shipped to America. It is his opinion that should twenty thousand French land at Cornwall, they might go to London! take the King!! the Crown!!! If this be anything near the truth, how defenseless is Great Britain! As we are far from wishing to deprive Her of any of her rights, so we hope, trust, and firmly believe, that God will not suffer Her to subjugate these States. I recollect no foreign intelligence of importance. After compliments to yourself, and desiring that they may be made acceptable, to those gentlemen of Congress, with whom I have the honor of an acquaintance

Believe me dear sir, with sincere affection, to be
Your Obedient servant,
JUDAH CHAMPION."

The writer of this letter has not the world wide reputation that Oliver Wolcott can claim, but no truer Patriot is enrolled than Judah Champion, Pastor of the Church at Litchfield for many years prior to the Revolutionary period, and it seems fitting to introduce here a story that my Grandmother told me when I was a little girl:

One pleasant Sabbath morning, when the people of Litchfield, Connecticut, were gathered in their church for public worship, there was heard coming down the

road the swift clatter of horses' hoofs. There was a pause beside the meeting house door, and then in walked a man who made his way to the pulpit and handed Doctor Champion a paper. After reading it, the Pastor stepped to his desk, and leaning forward, looked down on his congregation: "St. John," he said, "has been taken by the American Army. Thank God for the victory!" The people could not restrain their joy and clapped their hands and shouted "Amen! and Amen!" When quiet was restored, Doctor Champion continued: "News has also been sent me that our army is in want of many things; our men are marching with bare feet and tattered garments! Our duty lies plainly before us."

That afternoon, men and women, young and old, worked for the cause of liberty, and on the morrow a cart piled high with offerings of comfort and cheer went out from Litchfield and toward the Camp. To one who asked Doctor Champion, "How he justified such a use of the Lord's day" he made answer, "Mercy before sacrifice is the will of our God." This staunch patriot, when the news of Bourgoyne's invasion was sending consternation through the land, bade good bye to his flock, and was ordered as chaplain to Ticonderoga. He was with the American Army during all that siege, and after the stand at Saratoga he gave his time and strength to comforting the sick and caring for the prisoners; and he so endeared himself to all those who needed bodily or spiritual help, that the British officers at the close of hostilities sent him a letter of thanks and gratitude for all that he had done in and for his Master, Christ's sake, to and for the English Soldiers who were prisoners.

There is a story that the first time Doctor Champion went among the British Prisoners, one facetious soldier addressed the white haired visitor as "old Methody Blower." With a gentle voice the venerable man made answer, "You are right, my son, in some of your conclusions, mistaken in others; for while I am not numbered in the Methodist communion of saints, I am in deed and in truth, but a tooting horn, calling invited guests to Heaven." Doctor Champion was present when the British evacuated New York. His country needed his services no longer, he turned the head of his mule homewards, and once more, shut in among the New England hills, he taught his flock the way to salvation praying; "again may they know me before Thy face. Let me hereafter not miss at Thy throne one spirit of all these, when I shall say in my gladness, "Father here am I and the children, that Thou hast given me."

Thus, over and over again, repeating this message of peace and good will, he served God and man, and after a ministry of fifty-seven years, he answered to the call and was not. In a speech made by the Hon. F. A. Tallmadge in Litchfield in 1851, he said: "The Reverend Mr. Champion's venerable appearance is deeply impressed upon my youthful recollection; short in stature, with a head adorned by a massive wig, and a countenance that indicated that sincerity and purity of purpose that characterized his conduct through life. During the Revolutionary War he presided as pastor in yonder church, and I will relate an incident given me by my father (Colonel Tallmadge) illustrative of the fervent zeal and stirring patriotism that inspired the Clergy during that momentous struggle:

At a period of the Revolution when the whole country was in a state of great alarm in anticipation of the arrival of Cornwallis with a formidable army, my father was passing through Litchfield with a regiment of cavalry, and he and his men attended services. The following are some lines taken from a prayer of the Rev. Dr. Champion on this occasion:

"Oh Lord, we view with terror and dismay the approach of the enemy. Wilt thou send storm and tempest and scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth, but peradventure should any escape Thy vengeance, collect them together, oh Lord, as in the hollow of Thy hand, and let Thy lightnings play on them."

In his Litchfield centennial poem, the Rev. John Pierpont, said:

"The Reverend Champion (champion of the truth)
I see him yet as in my early youth;
His outward man was rather short than tall,
His wig was ample, though his frame was small.
Active his step and cheerful was his air,
And, oh, how free and fluent was his prayer.
He sleeps in peace and honor."

"Salisbury, May 15th, 1786.

Honored Sir:

Yesterday I heard that Mr. Huntington was elected to fill the old great chair of State, and that Mr. Oliver Wolcott was to sit next to him; that being the case, the General's seat (like David's of old) in the County Court, will be vacant, and who is to fill it is a question of such importance that, if it were not thought impertinent in me, I wish to asserve (as the Clergy do) by negatives. First, the office must not

be filled by one unacquainted by the Law! nor by an envious, malicious or contracted person, or by one whose conduct may be influenced by sinister motives or base views! Secondly and positively, it must be held by one given to hospitality, as well as a thorough knowledge of law, one who will preside with modest bearing, commingled with dignity, and also with candor and impartiality. Such an one, I am sure, would meet with your approbation and though in your great modesty you may not view yourself as one of the authorities of our country, yet as an essential member of our upper house, you know your influence to be great. I hope your goodness will excuse the freedom I have taken in writing to one of such exalted station so freely on this subject, and if leisure permits, I shall esteem it a particular mark of favor to have a line from you, informing me a little of how politics are in this Assembly. Hoping that a better state of health than usual may attend you through this session is the wish of .

Your affectionate friend,
ADONIJAH STRONG.

N. B. What do you think of your brother Canfield for Judge? Politics run half right with us this spring, and I have effected my purpose in some good measures. In regard to ———— he stays at home for want of notes; he may do well when he learns his dependence. This is a secret letter and for private use only."

"Adonijah Strong," says Chief Justice Church, "was a Colonel in the Connecticut Line, a lawyer, unique in genius and manner and of large professional

clientage. He was a man of sound practical sense and great wit. Many anecdotes of his sayings and doings are still remembered and repeated."

"Goshen, July 14th, 1778.

Sir:

By this time, I conclude that you have arrived at Philadelphia and have taken your seat in Congress among ye Senators of ye United States. You have now the pleasure of forming a personal acquaintance with the great Statesmen of this Continent, which I think must be gratifying, if you have any degree of curiosity or ambition. I hope you arrived in health, but suppose your journey was very fatiguing, as it was uncommonly hot. Mrs. Adams was very anxious for you, and is afraid that you will not consult your health enough. We would recommend exercise of body and relaxation of mind as far as it is in any way consistent with your obligations to our Country. I called at your house a few days since, and the family were all in health. Mrs. Adams keeps up good spirits in her state of widowhood (!) Mr. Baldwin, the Schoolmaster, tells me he intends to write you as to the health and other circumstances connected with your family whenever he has opportunities. I have no news of any consequence, indeed you can expect none from me as soon as you will see it in the public papers, excepting, of course, what is of a more private nature, and yet may still be of some importance to the public. You were, doubtless, before you left us acquainted with the politics of some of the gentlemen of this State respecting our paper currency, and you knew that they were desirous of having it sunk and not redeemed. I am

afraid that this doctrine is growing too popular. There are political heresies as well as ecclesiastical, and both may be damnable and equally fatal, with this difference; Religious heresy respects our happiness in future world, the other, though limited and temporary, still closely interferes with our National future. The consequence of not redeeming our National currency is pregnant with every kind of evil. It means the loss of our reputation by a most flagrant violation of public faith. It means the impossibility of giving any credit to future emissions (if necessary upon any emergency). And to complete our wretchedness, we shall have a most bloody civil war among ourselves. I think the State ought to feel a sort of National pride in forming for themselves a character among the Nations of the Earth. A good name should be as precious to this Nation as it is to an individual! I know our public debt is great *and enormous! But what are we buying? Or rather what is the price or value of the thing we have bought? Isn't Liberty a consideration sufficient? She has been sold at public auction, and we have outbid all Europe, and if this generation can't pay for her, the next can, and I dare say that they will esteem her a good legacy and valuable patrimony, altho' she may still be under some encumberance.*

Since writing the above, I have seen the good people of this town, and I find that Mr. Adams is much talked of to fill General Wolcott's place. Notwithstanding the dispute with you. Why can't it be you, my dear friend? ———— is changed, I hear he is ostensibly for Sherman, but he knows that another Justice may be named. I heard him talk yesterday. I had no thought of being so particular on the subject of politics

(in which I am but a novice) but I had nothing else to say, and so I suppose it would do to be a little impertinent at so great a distance. Please to write me by first conveyance if consistent with your other engagements, and be sure your letter shall be received with respect.

By your obedient and very humble servant,
SAMUEL LYMAN."

I have no record of who this Samuel Lyman was, but this letter proves him to have been a patriot.

Andrew Adams received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Connecticut in May, 1793. This office he held until his death, November 17th, 1797.

Of Andrew Adams' ability as a lawyer, Judge Church in his Litchfield Centennial address said: "The Hon. Andrew Adams, Chief Justice of Connecticut, was a man whose eminent talents shone with uncommon lustre, and these talents were always exerted to the greatest advantage of the public, and to the honor of the high Court over which he presided."

Upon the same occasion the Hon. Seth Beers said: "Few men excelled Andrew Adams as a lawyer, and as an advocate before a jury he was unsurpassed. He was an able Judge, an eloquent speaker, and in all points his reputation at the bar was distinguished."

"The home of the Hon. Andrew Adams was on the west side of North State Street in Litchfield, Connecticut. It was a Colonial Mansion, and so carefully was it built, that in 1879 it was sold for Three Thousand Five Hundred Dollars to Dr. Buel, and removed to the grounds of his Sanitarium."

After the death of Andrew Adams his heirs sold the house to the Church for a parsonage, and in the old Adams' house lived the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and there Henry Ward Beecher was born.

The wife of Andrew Adams was Eunice Buel. The children of Andrew Adams and Eunice (Buel) Adams were Samuel, who died in infancy, Elijah, Lydia, Eunice, Polly (or Mary) and Andrew (6). Of Elijah I have no record. Lydia married Elias Cowles of Farmington, Connecticut, an East India merchant. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Cowles went to reside at Rhinebeck on the Hudson. They had four sons and one daughter. Two of the sons, James and William, became associated with their father in business; the other sons, Henry and Edward, were lawyers and judges. The daughter, Frances, married Doctor Nelson of Rhinebeck. "Lydia (Adams) Cowles was a woman of stately presence and remarkable intellect." Once, in her presence, a number of noted Unitarians were discussing the humanity of Christ. Mrs. Cowles listened quietly until upon being asked for her opinion, she said gently: "Ye have taken away my Lord, and I know not where ye have laid him." Mrs. Cowles was an ideal famous hostess.

Polly (or Mary) Adams married Daniel Lambson an East India merchant. "Uncle Lambson was tall, finely proportioned and very handsome. He was noted for his happy nature and his excellent wit." Polly (Adams) Lambson and Daniel Lambson had two daughters, Amanda and Cornelia. Amanda married a Mr. ———— ———— of ———— on the Hudson, and Cornelia married ————. I have a faint shadowy recollection of Aunt Polly Lambson

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for she used to come and visit her niece (my grandmother); she was a dainty, tiny old lady, and she "did" fine needle work without glasses, and with peculiar stubby needles, that she called "Ground downs." Grandma used to tell us that Amanda ———— "was a very superior woman and that she had twin daughters," and as this was all the information vouchsafed (none of us ever being privileged to view Amanda or her twins) we were forced to be satisfied with this advice. But Aunt Polly's other daughter, Cornelia ————, all Grandma's grandchildren remember. Cornelia was an object of lively interest to us from the fact that in her early youth she had been the heroine of a real romance, and as a result had brought down the wrath of the family upon her head. We never knew why ———— was not received, and opinion on the subject, as expressed in our youthful conclaves differed, and it being a regular *Sphinx* of a problem, we never knew and never shall know who was right, for our Grandmother permitted no questionings upon topics or themes that did not redound to the family's glory and enduring honor, so when Cornelia visited at Grandma's, as she did once or twice every year, we called her "cousin," and paid her many little attentions, principally because we were religiously impressed with the belief, that if any of us, great, great cousins, ventured to depart from this respectful attitude, that Cornelia would set up an *apple stand* in some conspicuous locality, and, in the middle of a penny ballad string, display her family tree, with not a branch shorn, not a name hidden. Cornelia never talked, she was absolutely and painfully self-contained; and because of this silence, we children came to a tacit agree-

ment, that she was ungrammatical! Cornelia lives in our memories as an imperishable incident; she hangs a quaint, pathetic picture in our gallery of the past, a small withered woman, with a nose so singularly red, that she seemed impelled to break through her usual silence when she found our eyes fixed upon it and to say slowly and impressively, "Erysipelas."

Eunice Adams, daughter of Andrew and Eunice (Buel) Adams, married Judge Josiah Masters of the State of New York. She died in childbirth a year after her marriage, but whether her child survived her I do not know. Of Andrew Adams, Jr., the son of Andrew Adams and Eunice (Buel) Adams, as our *lineal ancestor* we will speak after finishing the record of his father, *Andrew Adams.*

The only letter in my possession from the Hon. Andrew Adams (5) is a portion of an epistle written to his son Andrew (6) just after he (Andrew) had entered Yale College. Andrew Adams, (5) says:

"When an old man removes into a strange place where he has few or no acquaintances, people will naturally inquire into his character and his past conduct in life, and will treat him accordingly. If he has always sustained the character of a gentleman, or in other words of a man of virtue, honor and integrity, he will naturally associate himself with those of similar character, and of course he will be shunned by the profligate and vicious, who will both fear and reverence him, and having already subdued his own passions and irregular appetites, he will have no incentive to vice; so that let him go into what place he will, he can be in no danger of being led aside by evil example,

but will himself become an example to others, and will be honored and respected by all, but ye case is quite the reverse with a young man who having never established a character to serve him, will be applied to by all sorts of people in order to gain him over to their particular taste, principles and conduct; and, not having ye advantage of ye long experienced in ye world, nor a large acquaintance with mankind nor yet an established character to serve him as a guard against the addresses and insinuations of ye vicious, nor any fixed set of principles to which he may resort, he will be in most danger from a natural unwillingness to be uninfluenced by ill example if ye solicitations of ye vicious are encouraged and enforced by his own youthful inclinations. To avoid this, will require the utmost exertion of all his resolutions, prudence and wisdom. He is indeed a wise youth who shuns ye snares so effectually as never to be catched in a trap! That you may become this wise youth is ye anxious wish and desire of my soul, and for this reason I give you ye warning beforehand that you may not be taken by surprise. To spy ye danger is more than half to avoid it. The youth that will run into ye mischief when he sees ye danger must be vicious indeed! Now ye greatest art is to avoid ye evil, refuse all compliance, but always with amiable complacence. In order to obtain this great and desirable end, you must appear to be religious and complacent, and the only way to appear religious, studious and complacent is in deed and in fact to become so, but without the actual being, it will be impossible to appear so for any length of time. The disguise is sure to be soon discovered, and by this discovery you will become ye subject of not only ridicule,

but of contempt, besides this ye attempt to keep up ye appearance being discovered in a thousand ways, that you cannot foresee or guard against, will cost you much more pain than you can now comprehend. Religion can never be obtained without regeneration and ye sanctifying influences of Ye Divine Spirit upon ye soul, and this influence you must most fervently and constantly pray for. You must not think you are too young, for remember you are not too young to die. It is within your power to perform all ye external duties of religion, but I would have you do more, I would have you with steady, regular and manlike conduct observe all religious duties, and in this same spirit avoid all ye open acts of vice. I would not by any means have you put on ye airs of ye ridiculous superstitions, for that is not religion. For instance when you attend Public Worship on ye Sabbath day or at any other time, and indeed when you attend all ye College exercises of every kind, do not, my son, discover any reluctance, as tho' forsooth it was done by compulsion and under constraint, but let it be done willingly and by your choice, a choice founded upon principle and a high sense of honor, and out of respect to your own interests. As regards your being studious, whether you are so or not, will lie to ye observation of all by ye appearance you make at your classes and in other public performances. Your standing in this world depends upon your mental ability rightly directed. Your acceptance of intellectual thought will produce the character you are to show throughout the remainder of your life. I would have you ever maintain a most strict regard for truth, integrity and honor all of which is not only compatible but necessary to the character

of a gentleman. By this I do not mean a fawning complacence, but I do mean that in all things you must have a strict regard for decency and decorum. Try to be pleased, nay, even entertained in all civil company, and should anything be said or done that you do not fully agree with, you are not called upon to contradict it, for in doing this you open a dispute which means you challenge ye opinions or inclinations of your host or his guests; by thus doing you make yourself disagreeable, and lose the friendship of the courtly. Now, instead of contradicting let the matter pass as tho' unobserved; but should the company you are with happen to be viciously inclined, and urge you to join with them, excuse yourself gracefully; if they still urge, make them a polite bow, and a handsome adieu and leave the company but if by main force they hold you in their midst, and you are reduced to expressing your opinion, even in that case let it be done with infinite delicacy. Your own prudence, however, should teach you to avoid such company unless you believe that you possessed great and good influence over some of its members. In such a case do not lose the opportunity to administer to your friend or friends a gentle and kind rebuke at some time when his and your mind is calm and considerate, but be sure to let ye reproof show real friendship. A few such tests and ye struggle will be over; you will cease to be solicited; your conduct will inspire both love and respect, and you will have established a character which will recommend you to the esteem and regard of ye virtuous."

Here the letter abruptly ends. How we all wish it

had gone on to tell the home news, the dear every day incidents of family and friends, but ye yellow mildewed page holds nothing more.

Andrew Adams (5) was "deeply read in Theology, and in the absence of the minister he was often called upon to occupy the pulpit." He was a very frail man physically, never free from lurking sense of pain, and yet he was constantly to the fore in every good work." In the Litchfield Monitor of November 29th, 1797, was printed the following:

"Died in this town early yesterday morning after a lingering and distressing illness, the Honorable Andrew Adams, Esq. LL. D., Chief Justice of Connecticut, aged 61 years."

The inscription on his tombstone is as follows:

"Honorable Andrews Adams, Esq., LL. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court who died November the 27th, 1797, in the 62 year of his age. Having filled many distinguished offices with great ability and dignity, he was promoted to the highest Judicial Court in the State which office he held until his death. His Judicial talents shone with uncommon lustre, and were exerted to the greatest advantage of the public, and to the honor of the high court over which he presided.

He lived the life and died the death of a Christian, and his filial piety and paternal tenderness are held in loving remembrance."

(6)
ANDREW ADAMS.

Andrew Adams, the son of Andrew Adams (5) and Eunice (Buel) Adams, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut in 1766. We know that he graduated at

Yale, that he became a lawyer, and when still a very young man he married his cousin, Annis Canfield of Sharon, Connecticut. He evidently did not make a success of life. How or in what particular he failed, I cannot say, for neither our grandmother (his daughter) or our own mother commented much upon the subject, and their silence was of the sort that defies questioning. Two great cousins whom I have asked, have told me that Andrew Adams (6) was "handsome, winning, indolent and intemperate." He had by his wife Annis (Canfield) Adams two daughters, Maria and Cornelia. Maria married Henry Tallmadge, son of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge of Revolutionary prominence. I have a vivid recollection of this Aunt Tallmadge, although she died when I was a tiny girl. She was one of the most socially prominent grande dames of New York for many years, and when she was an old, old lady she wore decollete gowns for dinner, and was as formal and haughty as the reigning queen of Spain. Cornelia, *our grandmother,* married David Tomlinson, M. D., of Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson. Andrew Adams (6) died December 9th, 1804, in the 38th year of his age, and he is buried beside his father and mother in Litchfield.

CANFIELD.

(1) Matthew Canfield, Esq.,
(2) Samuel Canfield,
(3) Samuel Canfield,
(4) John Canfield,
(5) Annis Canfield Adams,
(6) Cornelia Adams Tomlinson,
(7) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton,
(8) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
" Laura Canfield Spencer Dayton Fessenden,
" William Adams Dayton,
" Harold Child Dayton,
(9) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.,
" Aymar Child Fessenden,
" Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton,
" John Newman Dayton,
" Alice Griswold Hyde Fessenden,
" William Adams Dayton, (Junior),
" Laura Adams Dayton,
" Benjamin Hurd Fessenden,
" Dorothy Dayton Fessenden,
" Hayden Child Dayton.

(1)

MATTHEW CANFIELD, Gentleman,

MATTHEW CANFIELD resided in New Haven as early as the year 1644. He married Sarah Treat, a daughter of Richard Treat of Connecticut. In 1645 Matthew Canfield removed to Norwalk, Connecticut, from which place he was sent as a member to the General Colonial Assembly (in the year 1645) and he so continued to represent Norwalk until the union of the ten colonies of Connecticut and New Hampshire

was consummated. Hinman tells us that "Matthew Canfield was one of the nineteen signers of the petition to King Charles the Second, for the Charter of the Colony and his name is mentioned in that invaluable grant to Connecticut in 1662." This is, he says undoubted proof of Matthew Canfield's standing in the Colony, as only those were asked to sign this petition who had sustained high social position in England before coming to make their home in New England. In 1665 Matthew Canfield was appointed by the Crown a Judge in the Jersey Colony. He then removed to Newark, New Jersey, where he died (in office) in 1673.

(2)

SAMUEL CANFIELD.

Samuel Canfield, the son of Matthew and Sarah Treat Canfield, was baptized on the 19th of October 1645 in New Haven, Connecticut. When his father removed to Newark, New Jersey, Samuel Canfield remained in Norwalk. There he married Elizabeth Willoughby. Samuel afterwards removed to Milford, Connecticut, where he practiced the profession of law, and died Judge of Litchfield County.

(3)

SAMUEL CANFIELD.

Son of Samuel and Elizabeth Willoughby Canfield, was born in Norwalk, Conn., in 1702. He married Abigail Peck, and died Dec. 14th, 1754, aged 52 years. He was a deacon in the church and a lawyer by profession.

(4)

JOHN CANFIELD.

John Canfield, the son of Samuel Canfield and Abigail Peck, was born at New Milford in 1740. He graduated from Yale in 1762 and in 1765

went to Sharon to establish his home and practice law. (He was the first lawyer of Sharon). He bought of the Reverend Cotton Mather Smith a plot of ground directly west of the Smith place, and upon this he built a fine brick mansion, Old English in design with a brick office in a wing for his professional uses. He married Dorcas Buel of Sharon. John Canfield represented Sharon in eleven sessions of the Colonial Legislature. Among his personal friends was Benjamin Franklin and for many years (both while Franklin was in America and abroad) they kept up an unbroken correspondence. The letters concerning the tax on tea being particularly interesting and historically valuable. These letters our mother used to pore over in the great garret at the Canfield house in Sharon when she was a little girl; their value was not then appreciated, and they were probably destroyed by some zealous housewife in one of her yearly upheavals and destruction of the worthless and useless things that will accumulate and cumber the home world. In 1776 John Canfield was elected a member of the Continental Congress, but quick consumption had fallen upon him, and he died suddenly on October the 26th, 1786, in the 46th year of his age. Mrs. Maria Gaylord Seelye of Easthampton, Massachusetts writes me in 1898: "My grandmother, Eunice Canfield, was the eldest daughter of John and Dorcas (Buel) Canfield of Sharon, Connecticut. She was born in Sharon, September 20th, 1766. When her father was elected a member of the Continental Congress, it was decided that Eunice should go with him to Philadelphia, and preparations for such a distinguished outing were made. One of the gowns in this wardrobe I still have in my possession,

also the slippers to be worn with it. The gown is of white silk, with a wide stripe of brocaded pink roses, and a narrow alternate stripe of apple green (also brocaded), the slippers are white and pink kid in stripes; these stripes meeting at the instep and the point of the toe."

It is said that the grief of the community upon the death of John Canfield was deep and general. Upon his tombstone is this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of the Honorable John Canfield, a member of Congress from this State, who died the 26th day of October, 1786, in the 46th year of his age.

" 'Tis not for lifeless stone to tell the worth,
A partner's heart the deep impression bears,
His orphans oft around this hallowed earth,
Shall tell a father's love with speaking tears.
And numerous friends who swell the tide of grief,
Thy good and generous deeds shall oft relate,
Thus through revolving years thy name shall live,
Till to immortal life thy slumbering dust shall wake."

The children of John Canfield and Dorcas (Buel) Canfield were Eunice, Laura, Annis, Avis, Alma, Almira, Isabella and John Montgomery.

Eunice Canfield, the eldest daughter of John and Dorcas (Buel) Canfield, married Doctor Samuel Rockwell on July 10th, 1787. By him she had two children, a girl christened Maria, who was born December 10th, 1788. A boy, whose name I do not know, was born in 1790. After the birth of her last child, Eunice Canfield Rockwell became a confirmed invalid, dying of consumption on February 11, 1795, when not quite 29 years old.

Laura Canfield, the second daughter, married Ambrose Spencer of Salisbury (one of her father's students) on the 18th day of February, 1784, when she was barely fourteen years of age, and here I pause to say that it was the custom of prominent Colonial Lawyers to receive into their homes young men preparing for the bar, and among John Canfield's students may be mentioned John Cotton Smith, afterwards Governor of Connecticut, Noah Webster, of Dictionary fame, and Ambrose Spencer, Chief Justice of the State of New York.

To go back to Laura Canfield and Ambrose Spencer. This marriage was clandestine; and, owing to the extreme youth of both bride and groom, was kept a profound secret by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer for some months after its accomplishment. "When at 22 the youthful husband was admitted to the Bar, he had been married man and boy four years." "Ambrose Spencer's marriage at this early period into a family of high standing, and with a girl of uncommon beauty and rare sweetness of character, seemed in the light of future events to have been the one thing of all others that he needed to mould and fashion his strong will, peculiar temperament and forceful mind into channels of ambition, courage and steadiness." Surely if to Laura Canfield (our great, great aunt) Ambrose Spencer owed all that he was, it seems fitting that we speak of him. Ambrose Spencer was appointed Attorney General of New York State in February, 1802. In 1808 he was made Justice of the Supreme Court, in 1819 Chief Justice. He was for many years engaged in every important case in the State of New York, meeting in these legal contests Hamilton, Burr,

Livingston and many other prominent advocates. It was when Ambrose Spencer was at the zenith of his fame and his intellectual manhood, that a great political revolution occurred, placing Thomas Jefferson in the Presidential Chair. In the front ranks of this memorable battle field, stand Ambrose Spencer and DeWitt Clinton, (two men whose friendship was so close and fond through many years that they were always spoken of as "David and Jonathan"). It was during this struggle that Spencer and Clinton were chosen members of the "Council of Appointment," a body at that period which had the dispensing of all political patronage. About the time of the war of 1812 came the bitter and eternal estrangement of Spencer and Clinton which was all the more startling from the fact that upon the death of his wife (Laura Canfield) Spencer had married a sister of DeWitt Clinton's. So sensible was Mr. Madison of Mr. Spencer's services, even though like Mr. Clinton he did not agree with some of his ideas, (it is a positive fact, which can be proved by letters still in possession of the family), that any office within the gift of administration was at Mr. Spencer's command. But he had no ambition for political preferment, and asked that his friend, John Armstrong, of Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, be appointed Secretary of War, and the wisdom of this appointment was soon apparent. Reports of cases decided by Judge Spencer became standard authority and were even quoted with high respect in Westminster Hall. When in 1829 Judge Spencer retired from the bench he was elected Mayor of the City of Albany. Then at the conclusion of his term of Mayoralty he was elected to the State Legislature. He married three times: First to Laura

Canfield (the mother of all his children) then to Mrs. Mary Norton, and at her death to Mrs. Burrage. It is noteworthy that both were daughters of General James Clinton, and also sisters of DeWitt Clinton. He (Ambrose Spencer) died at Lyons, Wayne county, New York, on March 13th, 1848. The children of Ambrose Spencer and Laura Canfield Spencer were John Canfield, William, Abby, Theodore, Laura and Ambrose. Abby married John Townsend of Albany. John married Elizabeth Smith of Sharon. Laura married Robert Gilchrist of Albany. William two, Miss Lorillards of New York. Theodore died at 19, and Ambrose, the youngest child, was shot and instantly killed during the war of 1812, as he was carrying a flag of truce into the camp of the British. He fell at the side of General Brown, who, with expressions of profound regret, did all that a brave soldier could do of kindness to the young American officer's family. His, Ambrose Spencer's, blood-stained sash and sword are still preserved.

John Canfield, who married Elizabeth Smith, was Secretary of War, and also Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler. The cause of the change from one cabinet position to the other, may or may not have been resultant from the fact of the terrible affliction that came to John Canfield Spencer, and concerning which Gail Hamilton has so graphically written in her series of articles in the Cosmopolitan, entitled, "The Murder of Philip Spencer." The young boy of 18 was midshipman of the United States Man of War "Somers" commanded by Captain McKenzie; he with two seamen were accused of piratical intentions, were put in chains and after a half hour's notice of his fate (during

which time he was refused his only request that of writing to his mother) he and the two seamen were strung up on the yard arm and their bodies thrown into the sea. William Canfield Spencer was an officer in the United States Navy. Laura Canfield Spencer, the mother of all the children of the Hon. Ambrose Spencer died of consumption on the anniversary of her wedding day, February 18th, 1807. On her tombstone is the following:

"Here lies the body of Laura Spencer who was the wife of Ambrose Spencer and the daughter of John Canfield, Aged 39 years 2 months. While the remembrance of her mild disposition, of her fervent affection for her husband and her children and her tender solicitude for their welfare, swells their hearts with sorrow, the recollection of her humble submission to the will of God through all the vicissitudes of her life, and of her constant trust in His mercy, and in the faithful performance of her duties of her station, represses their tears and invigorates their hope that she may enjoy the rich reward of unblemished virtue, through a steady confidence in the efficacy of a Savior's atonement.

" 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' "

(5)

ANNIS CANFIELD.

Annis Canfield, daughter of John and Dorcas (Buel) Canfield, married Andrew Adams (6) of Litchfield, Connecticut. She must, like her sister Laura, have been very young at the time of her mar-

riage with her cousin, Andrew Adams, for both of her children, Maria Annis and Cornelia Laura, were born to her before her eighteenth birthday. She always made her home after her marriage with her father-in-law, the Hon. Andrew Adams. It is said that beautiful as were all the Canfield girls, our great-grandmother, Annis Canfield Adams was the loveliest; and that by common consent she was spoken of as "The Rose of Sharon." She died previous to her 40th year of cancer resulting from a slight bruise upon her breast inflicted six months previous to the time of her death. She was living with her daughter Cornelia (Mrs. David Tomlinson) at Rhinebeck, and she is buried in the old churchyard there beside her little grandsons and her son-in-law.

The other children of John Canfield and Dorcas (Buel) Canfield married as follows: Alma married General Elisha Sterling of Salisbury, Connecticut; Isabelle married the Hon. Ansel Sterling of Sharon; Mira married General Elisha Buel of Hartford; John Montgomery married Frances Harvey of Sharon, and removed to the South; Avis Canfield died at 13.

BUEL.

(1) William Buel,
(2) John Buel,
(3) Solomon Buel,
(4) Dorcas Buel Canfield,
(5) Annis Canfield Adams,
(6) Cornelia Adams Tomlinson,
(7) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton.
(8) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
Laura Canfield Spencer Dayton Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton,
Harold Child Dayton,
(9) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.,
Aymar Child Fessenden,
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton,
John Newton Dayton,
Alice Griswold Hyde Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton, Jr.,
Laura Adams Dayton,
Benjamin Hurd Fessenden,
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden,
Hayden Child Dayton,

(1)

WILLIAM BUEL.

William Buel, our first American ancestor of that name, came from Wales to New England, and settled in New Haven in 1630.

(2)
JOHN BUEL.

JOHN BUEL, son of William Buel, was born in 1671. He married Mary Loomis on November 12th, 1695. They had twelve children. John Buel died in 1748, aged 75 years; his wife, Mary Loomis Buel, died in 1796, aged 90 years. At the time of her death she had living 101 grandchildren, 274 great grandchildren, and 22 great, great grandchildren.

(3)
SOLOMON BUEL.

SOLOMON BUEL, the 9th child of John and Mary Loomis Buel married Eunice Griswold. They lived in Sharon, Connecticut.

(4)
DORCAS BUEL CANFIELD.

DORCAS (BUEL) CANFIELD was the youngest daughter of Solomon and Eunice (Griswold) Buel, and she was born, married and died in Sharon. Her husband was the Hon. John Canfield. She, Dorcas (Buel) Canfield was "a woman of remarkable beauty, which her daughters inherited from her;" "her face was as exquisite in its proportions as are the marble representations of the goddesses of ancient Greece. She was tall, slight and very fair, and her hair was a wonderful auburn, but her greatest beauty was her mouth, which was shaped like a cupid's bow," and added to all this, I am told that "she possessed rare intellectuality, being deeply read in the Latin and Greek

classics as well as in her own language." From my earliest childhood, the fact has been borne in upon me, that the Buel blood indicated force, spirit, pride and strength of purpose, for whenever there arose among us youngsters at home some illustration of Spartan endurance, such as taking *castor oil* without protest, or being silent when an eye tooth was pulled out, our reward came in these words, "Now, that is the Buel spirit," or "Of course you were brave, the Buels always are!"

A (7), C (5), B (6).

CORNELIA LAURA (ADAMS) TOMLINSON.

The uniting of the various strains of New England's strongest and best humanity in Cornelia Adams was indeed the producing of one of the rarest bits of nature's handiwork. Beautiful in form and of feature, blessed with perfect health and endowed with an unusual mentality, she influenced through a long life for the highest and the best; and after more than 80 years she passed on, still young in spirit, to become a potent, forceful memory in the hearts of her children's children.

Cornelia Adams opened her brown eyes on the world the 16th of February, 1786, in the home of her grandfather, the Hon. Andrew Adams of Litchfield, Connecticut. As little Cornelia was nearly ten years of age when her grandfather died, she not only had a perfect recollection of him, but she remembered being brought into the drawing room with her sister Maria to be spoken to by some guests of her grandfather, and they were Lafayette, Rochambeau and General George Washington.

CORNELIA LAURA (ADAMS) TOMLINSON.

From a miniature, 1825.

She remembered how Mr. Champion's wife used to ride to meeting behind the Reverend gentleman, on a pillion, with her hair rolled on a high cushion and powdered white as snow, under her "broad tied down bonnet." She recalled her dolls, puppets actually hewn out of wood and so vividly complexioned as to suggest an Indian artist, and she used to tell how her sister Maria objected to such ugly playthings, substituted a kitten in their place, and how she taught this kitten to stand up whenever its little mistress would say to it: "Sit up! sit up! Glorify-God and Enjoy-Him-Forever." (This being the kitten's name).

Cornelia Adams first went to a "Dames' school" and when she was ten she entered Miss Pierce's Academy for young ladies. This was the first school in the United States devoted to the higher education of women. Just as Judge Tappen Reeves's Law School was the first institution for legal study for young men. (Judge Reeves was a brother-in-law of Aaron Burr). Litchfield certainly deserved its title: "The Athens of America." To Miss Pierce's school came girls from every state in the Union. In one of the Eighteen and Seventies, when I was a young girl and travelling through the South with my aunt, we met, in Savannah, a dear old lady who said that she was one of Miss Pierce's pupils. She told me that she and her sister drove in their father's coach all the way from Savannah, Georgia, to Litchfield, having relays of horses at the various post towns provided for them. And in this connection I should like to add the following extract from a letter written me by Mrs. Maria Gaylord Seeley of Easthampton, Massachusetts. She says: "I have often heard my mother tell how her mother, Maria

Rockwell, was sent to stay with her aunt, Annis Adams in Litchfield, so that she might become a scholar at Miss Pierce's school. She went directly after her mother's death (when she was six) and remained until she finished at sixteen. She had many charming things to tell of those years, and often spoke of your grandmother and her sister as her little cousins, Maria and Cornelia. I have a "Mourning Piece" drawn by my mother and then embroidered in flosses and chenilles; it is a conventional monument, with the willow tree, church, water, grass, &c., &c. I (Maria Gaylord Seeley) once met Miss Pierce in a stage coach when I was a young girl, and she talked to me with loving interest about my mother and her cousins as her former pupils." This thought of Miss Pierce brings to my memory an incident that occurred when I, (Laura Dayton Fessenden), was once visiting at grandma's. There came to spend the day with grandma, from Brooklyn, one of her former schoolmates, at Miss Pierce's school. This schoolmate may have been no older, or even younger than grandma, but she was so much more feeble, that our grandmother seemed young in comparison. From a respectful distance, we grandchildren looked interestedly on. At first these old girls were formal to each other and exchanged no end of compliments, but by degrees the ice of conventionality melted away, and they wandered back into their *lang syne*. It seemed almost weird to hear them talk of men and women and little children that had mouldered into dust; but, oh, if we who listened so carelessly then, had only treasured up that talk, if we only could have realized that in our coming manhood and womanhood, the facts in the lives of our grandsires would not only be

of personal but historic value, how we Sons and Daughters of Colonial Wars and dames, how we Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution would have listened!

To Judge Tappen Reeves's Law School came young men from all the other twelve United States, and among the number was young Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, and Cornelia Adams and young Rutledge became engaged, and the wedding day was set. But—"Those we first love we seldom ever wed. God rules us all." However that may be, the plans and the hopes of these young lives were shattered; and it is best to believe it was a wise fate that made them say "good bye" and forever. Cornelia Adams left Litchfield at once, and went to her aunt Lydia Adams Cowles at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson. Now there had recently come into this town a young physician, David Tomlinson by name, of Derby, Connecticut, and very soon after meeting Miss Adams, he asked her to be his wife. My mother once told me that there was an honest understanding of previous love affairs on both sides. The marriage was consummated within a few weeks after their first meeting and Doctor and Mrs. Tomlinson were cordially welcomed by the cultured element of Rhinebeck, as will be noted in later allusions to his eventful life. In the old graveyard at Rhinebeck is a little lichen-covered stone, and on it are these words:

"William Adams Tomlinson, eldest son of David and Cornelia Tomlinson, Died September 21st, 1815, aged four years.

"Also David who died in early infancy."

Grandma never spoke to me but once about these little children and then she told me how beautiful both her boys were and how proud she was of them. She said that "William was too bright to live." She told me that his Godfather, General Armstrong (who had been an officer during the Revolutionary war, and was Secretary of War under President Madison) had a little Continental Uniform made for William, patterned exactly after those that were worn by General Washington's Staff Officers, and that he used to put the small soldier on the Library table, and make him go through all the military tactics, which the child performed with surprising accuracy. After William and David, came Henry Tallmadge, Cornelia Laura, Theodore Edwin, *Maria Annis,* Julia Caroline and Ellen Adams. Soon after the arrival of Ellen Adams, it was decided, that for the educational advantages of the children, the family should remove to New York city. Our mother, Maria Annis (Tomlinson) Dayton, was old enough to remember perfectly this exodus. They chartered a sailing vessel and on it the family, servants and furniture were brought to New York. The negro cook and coachman (Sarah and John Bogart) my grandfather bought, and then set free upon his wedding day. They lived for many years in our grandfather's family, and most of the grandchildren, I am sure, can remember them both as vividly as I do. There is no better or more direct medium of picturing other days than by and through intelligent correspondence, and I here introduce a few letters written by our grandmother Cornelia Adams Tomlinson.

"To Miss Maria A. Tomlinson,
At Rhinebeck.
Politeness of Judge Cowles.

My very dear Child,

Although I have not heard from you a second time I conclude you are still at Rhinebeck, and as your cousin Henry goes this afternoon, I will write to you. We all continue in our usual health, and your father is as busy as ever, for the Cholera has not declined at all. There have been a few cases in our vicinity as it is confined chiefly to those whose habits are bad. I have not heard from your little sisters but once, but I presume that they are doing very well, and I am rejoiced that they with yourself are out of the City. Your sister Cornelia has gone this morning to call upon her Aunt and Uncle Sterling, who are in town, and expect to remain here a week or so longer, as Uncle's eyes are still being treated. I have not seen them but once, as I am not able to walk to St. Mark's Place, and there is no opportunity to ride, as our horses are all required for the gig, which is never unharnessed night or day. Cornelia passes a great deal of her time with Miss Taylor. We see some of your companions occasionally, but most of them are out of town. As I said, I stay persistently at home and see nobody. The servants are very faithful; Betsey, Louisa and dear old Aunt Sarah, all present their respectful love to Miss Maria. My love to cousin Fannie and Uncle Cowles; also to William and Edward. I suppose aunt and cousin James have not yet returned from Connecticut. Write and tell me if you are going to accept the invitation to Sharon? You must not think of returning to town until the Cholera has sub-

sided. I have been interrupted by an agreeable call from Mr. Merwin. As your brother Henry must take this down to cousin Henry, I bid you an affectionate good bye.

Most affectionately
Your mother C. TOMLINSON."

"New York, July 22nd, 1832.

My Dear Children:

I have just received your letter and am truly gratified by the punctuality of my dear Cornelia, as I am most desirous to hear concerning her stay in Poughkeepsie, and am most happy to know that her decision was fortunate and agreeable in all its details. The Cholera is all we hear and think about. It continues its dreadful ravages with unabated vigor. Your father was out all night attending an old lady, who spent the entire day previous (Sunday) in church; she died this morning. Her husband has contracted the disease since her death and cannot live the day out. You see the terrible work is going on, but we who believe that the "Judge of all the earth will do right," seek for our safety through His mercy, and we pray that he will preserve us; or if it is His will that we go hence, that He will sustain us in our hours of pain and weakness. I presume you are all in Salisbury now, but not knowing, I shall direct this to Sharon. Your brothers are well and send their love. Adieu my dear girls.

Your affectionate mother, C. TOMLINSON.

Postscript: Your father has lain down to snatch a few moments of sleep; he is in excellent health, altho' greatly fatigued."

"New York, September, 1834.

Fearing that you might allow the opportunity to pass unimproved of returning home under Mr. Prindle's care, I hasten to inform you, that we shall expect you all to come with him. Our cousins in Salisbury will see Cornelia as far as Sharon, and then all together you can take one of the Post Coaches. Make your father's and my best and kindest regards to all the uncles, aunts and cousins and express to them our appreciation of the many kindnesses that they have conferred upon our children. We had hoped that our cousin Isabella would return with you, but doubtless her mother has decided wisely in thinking it better for her to wait until the health of our City is fully established, then we shall be happy to see all our friends. I can only add an adieu as your father will finish.—

My dear Child. The Cholera has so far subsided that we think it will be safe for you to return. You will add to your mother's my expressions of thanks to your uncles, aunts and cousins for all their attentions to you during your stay with them. Do not fail to say how happy we shall be to reciprocate their kindness. We anticipate much pleasure in seeing you all once more, and may our Heavenly Father (whose kindness you will not fail daily to acknowledge) preserve and protect you. Tell your aunt that if she should decide to let Isabella spend the winter with us, she can secure excellent masters in French, Spanish, Music and Painting.

Your loving father

D. Tomlinson."

"New York, February 23rd, 1837.

My dear Cornelia.

When I wrote Harvey on Saturday last, we thought that Mr. Greg had left the city, and we feared that he had done so without knowing that both your brothers had called upon him, but on Wednesday he paid me a visit, and I asked him to dine and pass the evening with us; this he declined, having made a previous engagement. He said that he would be delighted to take a letter to you. Mr. Greg speaks most flatteringly of you both, and you know all such praise goes directly to my heart. Your father's health is much improved; he walked home from a call in Dey Street yesterday without feeling fatigued. Sue Oakley has just received a letter from her sister Caroline. Caroline is keeping house about a mile out of the city of New Orleans. Her home is embowered in orange trees, and she has a beautiful garden. Caroline wrote that she had attended a great many dinner parties given in her honor, and that she was now beginning to reciprocate these compliments. She likes living in the South, but she misses her family and her girlhood's friends. Your description of your mode of life does credit to your husband's hospitable disposition and to your own good taste. Mr. Greg says you sing charmingly. Are you able to get new music? Julia is practicing faithfully, and when the days grow longer, Ellen shall devote some hours of every day to the piano. Maria sings with Julia much more than she formerly did, and improves as a vocalist. Your old friend Thomas Walden says he is going to Illinois in the spring with one of his brothers. They will select an agreeable location and then take their family to the *far west* to reside.

New York presents few inducements for young men without fortunes or professions. I had almost forgotten to tell you that we are to lose the Prices from this neighborhood. They are to remove to Prince Street; they have taken that double house of the Gouveneurs. Mrs. Price sends her best love to you and hopes that you will decide to pay us a visit in the spring (we all respond, Amen). Do write and tell us all that you are doing. And now my dear girl with best love

Your mother, C. TOMLINSON."

It seems about time now to stop and explain some things to the younger generation. The first letters tell of a dreadful Cholera visitation and shows that the younger children of the Tomlinson family were sent into the country, while grandma bravely remained beside her good husband, whose profession forced him to face the pestilence and as far as was humanly possible to stay its ravages. Aunt Tailmadge, grandma's only sister, lived in St. Mark's Place when uncle and aunt Sterling were visiting. I think I have spoken of her before, but it occurs to me to add that I have a vivid and delightful recollection of her funeral, because it brought together a host of distinguished relatives from far and near, and in accordance with the decrees of old-fashioned hospitality all our houses were crowded with guests, and at grandma's there were enough brandy, peaches, plum-cakes and mince pies in evidence to afford all us eighteen grandchildren opportunities for future generous potations of elixir pro and castor oil (we took these two medicines for everything, and I think we all took them both after this occasion). I fell into disgrace. In an incautious moment of childish

truthfulness and in the presence of a critical audience, I announced to my mother that her relatives made me think of the picture of war horses, that I had seen, because their nostrils fluted, and they held their heads in a very prancing fashion. I know I meant all this as an awesome compliment, and I felt keenly the injustice of several things that were apportioned to me. The first included a vigorous application of a slipper's sole, the second was solitary confinement, the third was bread and water for my tea. I hope I may safely tell something that I did while I was a prisoner. I never was possessed of a contrite heart when I was punished. I used to enjoy believing that in some time my mother would be turned into a little girl, and I into her guardian, and it was a joy to contemplate the pairs of slippers I would use up in my discipline, but on this occasion probably goaded thereto by the gnawings of the imps that reside in mince meat and plum-cake, I stole softly down stairs and found a book which I knew that my mother read and followed in the bringing up of her children. It was called "Mother at Home" and was written by John S. C. Abbott. On the very first page there was a steel engraving of a bed room. A well furnished, but cheerless place with its bare, hard wood floor, and its severe chippendale appointments. On a broad-seated, high-backed chair, with her feet on a stool (that looked like a jewel casket) sat a lady with a little girl on her lap. The lady and the child were in very low necked, short sleeved gowns, and under this picture in fine print were these words: "Takes Mary in her lap and says, 'My dear, are you sorry that you disobeyed mother?' see page 34." I turned to page 34 and read aloud but not before I had

slapped the lady and made several unflattering faces at her (being very careful, however, not to touch poor, little low necked, sleek curled Mary). I read, "Mary begins to cry and to promise not to do so again, but, 'Mary,' says the mother, 'you have disobeyed me and you must be punished.' Mary continues to cry, but her mother seriously and calmly punishes her! She inflicts real pain! Pain that will be remembered," and when she has thrashed poor little helpless Mary (probably until her arms give out) she says, "Mary, mother loves her little daughter, and then she retires, that solitude may deepen the impression." "In five minutes she returns, and takes Mary on her lap, and she says, 'Mary will you be careful not to disobey me again?' and Mary says, 'Yes, Mother,' and then the mother says, 'I will forgive you as far as I can, but God is displeased with you, do you wish me to ask God to forgive you?' and Mary says, 'yes, mother,' and then they kneel down and pray and Mary walks out holding her mother's hand, humbled and subdued." I turned back to the frontispiece and gave Mary a resounding slap. "I hate you" I said slowly. "I hate you, you little coward! Why didn't you kick and yell as I did?" and then my fury needing some further vent I threw the book on the floor and stood the whole weight of my body on Mr. Abbott's name. There was some one behind me! I turned and there stood my handsome father. Whereupon I held out my arms to him and he lifted me up and carried me back to prison, whispering as he mounted the stairs that no one should ever know of my daring escape, and once there, he took me on his lap and opened his vest and put my sunny little head so close to his heart that I could hear it

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beat, and then I began to sob, and I told him all that was uppermost in *my* heart, and he listened in silence to the end (for he was a gentleman of the old school and was as courteous to his little daughter as tho' she were a princess). At last I lifted up my face and said pathetically: "Do you think God is angry with me because I said our relations looked like war horses?" and I found unspeakable comfort in his reply, "Damn it, no, of course He isn't," and then my father began to sing, "Hark the sound of jubilee." He hadn't much idea of a tune, but I loved his voice, and I said, "Now I lay me," softly to myself and fell asleep, and that is why I always remember so vividly Aunt Tallmadge's funeral.

The Cornelia to whom many of grandma's letters are written was her eldest daughter. She is said to have been one of the most beautiful girls in New York in the early 1830's. At all events she had lovers galore, but among the twain there were two that were considered especially. One of them was related to a very distinguished family and was poor, the other was charming and the only son of a very wealthy man and a president of one of the New York banks. Grandma (so the story runs) sent Cornelia to Sharon to seriously consider amidst nature's groves, this life problem, and then wrote to her daughter, that dear Harvey had been accepted. Cornelia evidently was satisfied with her mother's selection, for she came home and the engagement was announced (as all engagements were at that period, by the lover and his fiancee promenading to church Sunday morning, the fair lady blushingly reclining upon the arm of her future lord and master). Ere long there was a grand wedding, and among

Aunty Weed's (his name was Weed) bridesmaids were Cornelia Livingston, afterwards Mrs. Charles O'Connor and Arietta Hutton, who brought in her dower to her husband (Mr. Kelly) Ellerslie, an estate at Rhinebeck, now owned by Mr. Seward Webb. Directly after the conclusion of their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Weed went temporarily to Canandagua to live, so that uncle Harvey might study law with cousin John C. Spencer, and before I stop I cannot resist telling you children something about that wedding journey. Aunty Weed told me that her travelling dress and cloak were of ashes of roses merino, lined with ashes of roses silk. Her gaiters were of the same color, and her bonnet was of ashes of roses uncut velvet, very large and pokey, and adorned inside and out with a profusion of staring orange blossoms; to this was added a white blonde lace veil, that when it was gracefully worn over the face, enveloped her to her ankles. To this costume she added a long cape, muff and cuffs of ermine. She was married in January, and the tour included Washington, and the conveyances were sleighs with canvas tops, like, I suppose, the old-fashioned prairie schooners. Somewhere near Philadelphia, the stage fell into a mountain of a snowdrift, and was overturned. Poor Aunty Weed had her head (bonnet and all) shot through a rip in the canvas roof, and there she hung while the passengers were shouting in chorus, "Oh, help the bride! Oh, help the bride!"

"New York, March, 1837.

My Dear Cornelia.

I know of no young married woman who has such entire command of her time as yourself. Let it not depend upon accident how you employ it; every sensible woman should reflect on the best mode of fulfilling her duties to God and man; how best she may secure health and cheerfulness and an agreeable exercise of her talents; and here let me counsel you to treasure this advice at any time, should disagreeable feelings come to you, as far as possible disregard them. The discussion of ill health is an eminently vulgar topic. True, we all require sympathy, but by constantly complaining, we weary those who are with us. To avoid any such occasion, let your mind be agreeably occupied, and do not spend your whole day in one or two employments, but diversify your time with reading, embroidery, music and correspondence. Then be sure to ride each pleasant day, such exercise is so beneficial, and your husband should avail himself of it as much as possible, since he is such a close student. Cornelia remember that the wife must at the very first unite her husband's pleasures with her own; if not, the husband will soon come to think of his wife and his plans for pleasure at different times. Your brother Edwin has returned to his school at Wilton. I took tea yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Burrows to meet Mrs. Smith from Litchfield.

With dear love your mother,

C. TOMLINSON."

"New York, January, 13th, 1838.

My dear Cornelia.

I can not let your cousin Benjamin Tallmadge depart for the *Western country,** without sending a letter to you. You will be surprised to learn that Miss Cram is married to a Mr. Mason of the Park Theatre, an actor; and with the free consent of her father. This is not all. Young Mr. Mason, an elegant, refined and cultured gentleman has married a Miss Wheatly, an actress. Now, this subject reminds me to tell you of an invitation that your sister Maria received. Maria and your brother Henry were asked to meet Captain Marryatt, the writer, Russell, the celebrated English vocalist, and some others artists, writers and musicians. Now the circumstances surrounding the invitation were most peculiar. Some weeks since at a cotillion given by Mrs. Price, your sister met a Mr. Dayton. He has been particularly attentive to your brothers ever since and expresses himself as extremely drawn to Henry. On Tuesday, of last week, Mr. Dayton called at about eleven, asked for Henry. Henry was out. Mr. Dayton called at twelve, but Henry still being absent, Mr. Dayton left a note, and in this note, he not only invited your brother, but requested him to bring Miss Tomlinson to pass the evening at his father's house on Washington Square, as his aunt and cousin were very anxious to meet her!!! This Mr. Dayton has no mother living. He said the ladies at his father's house were an aunt and cousin. I believe the Daytons are English. I know that the son has just returned from Europe. We did not think it quite American for Maria to visit ladies that her mother had never seen. Henry

* Canandagua, New York.

went, however, and spent a most delightful evening, hearing Russell and Horn sing, and marking the physiognomy of Captain Marryatt, for that gentleman is extremely silent. When you write again, tell us how you passed your New Year's day. What did you wear? and what gentlemen called? Do not fail to spend a portion of each day among your books. Your library is sufficiently large to afford you ample opportunities for a continual advance in mind culture. Remember, my girl, that the soul does not wither with the body; it will be young when your beauty is a memory, when your youth is a dream and then if you have enriched this soul (or spirit) you will never sigh for the return of the past, for the charm of intellectuality is so great that it blots any thought of age; it is the fountain of perpetual youth. As to your personal appearance, never fail, my dear, to dress well, and let your costume be always appropriate to the occasion. At home and abroad be tasteful and elegant. Let me beg you to avoid any habit of stooping, always hold yourself erect. As to your face keep it in repose as much as possible. Expressing one's emotions by facial contortions should be relegated to clowns, and is always an evidence of a lack of breeding. I hope you do not neglect your guitar.

Your affectionate mother, C. TOMLINSON."

"New York, December 7th, 1837.

My Dear Cornelia:

I was indeed disappointed at your long delay in writing, but your letter, when it did arrive, met with a most cordial reception. I am glad to know that you and Harvey are the recipients of so many polite atten-

tions. You describe graphically the elegant silver and gold dinner services, but leave entirely to our imagination the appearance, and conversation of the guests. So Mrs. Greg loves to talk to you of her and of my girlhood. Is she vivacious and sprightly as in her youth, I wonder? When you pay your dinner call (if this reaches you in time) present my love to her, and say that I congratulate myself upon having my daughter so near her. Your uncle Tallmadge and your cousins Mary and Cornelia were here to-day. Mary had on a charming new bonnet; white ribbed satin with flowers on the sides. She said she should have preferred watered silk, but could procure none in New York. You desire a description of Meg Chauncey's wedding. The reception was a perfect crush. Meg looked prettily in a plain satin gown with flowers in her hair. The bridegroom (Mr. Stanton) is fine looking. Meg had two bridesmaids. The supper was attractive and well served. Mr. and Mrs. Price gave a splendid party for Meg and Mr. Stanton about two weeks before her wedding. They issued engraved cards ten days in advance. At Mrs. Price's urgent request all the children accepted, even little Ellen, only your father and I declining, as he is quite too feeble to go anywhere upon occasions of ceremony. The Prices had a fine band of music and a cotillion (with favors imported from Paris for the occasion) was danced. *Mr. Dayton* led the cotillion, and was master of ceremonies. Meg and Mr. Stanton have gone to Albany to reside. Your father-in-law complains that your letters to Bond Street are not frequent enough. He speaks of making you a visit this winter. So your ladyship expects to receive calls on New Year's day,

and your good husband wants you to have another out-of-door costume, "And green it shall be," said the country girl in my old spelling book, "because green suits my complexion best."

Ever your affectionate mother,

C. TOMLINSON."

"Canandagua, 1838.

My Dearest Family:

I am now safely arrived at Cornelia's home. The journey thither was attended with every circumstance to render it a pleasant one. The morning that we arrived at Albany, Mr. Tomlinson came to the Hotel and invited us to breakfast at his house. We accepted and accompanied him home. There we found as guests Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, former patients of your father's; their home is at Kingston Point. Mrs. Tomlinson was most agreeable and her house was furnished fashionably and expensively. After breakfast Mr. Tomlinson escorted me to a curl store, where I bought some curls, as mine had become entirely straight. At half past eight A. M. we took the Rail Car and we arrived at Utica at a little after three in the afternoon. I like travelling on the Rail Cars very much, and did not experience one sensation of fear. At half-past four of the same afternoon we took the canal boat (it being Tuesday) and arrived at Palmyra at ten on Wednesday night. We went to the hotel and after breakfast on Thursday morning, took the stage coach to Canandagua, where we arrived at about noon. There were many agreeable people on the canal boat, among others Judge Elsworth and Judge Baldwin. Cornelia found her house in excellent order, and her

servants glad to see their mistress once more. Mrs. Greg and Miss Chapin called upon me yesterday. In the Mrs. Greg of to-day I find I can vividly recall my girl friend of yesterday.

Affectionately your mother,

C. TOMLINSON."

Here is a poem written by Grandma Tomlinson to Harvey and Cornelia:

"On this dawning New Year may prosperity bright
Shed its beams and encircle your pathway with light.
And through all its seasons no cloud interpose
Its youth and prime, tranquil, serene be its close.
May your hearts be a mirror to each other true,
Blending confidence, honor and love in one view.
May genius and knowledge and wisdom combine
On the brow of my Harvey a laurel to twine;
While goodness and sweetness their rare charms impart
A wreath for Cornelia, the girl of my heart."

When, upon confidential occasions in my advanced youth, my mother used to read me this poem, I always longed to say that it did not seem to me up to grandma's prose, and to the suggestion concerning Uncle Harvey, decorated with a laurel wreath, I should like to have smiled if I had dared.

This poem I think is better:

TO MISS ELIZABETH CORNELIA TALLMADGE:

"Had I, dear girl, the Sybil's scroll,
Could I thy page of fate unroll,
Thy page of destiny;
The leaves should be both fair and bright,
With characters of living light,
Telling of all earth's best for thee.

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And there should tints of deeper glow
On life's maturer current flow,
A richer radiance I would shed,
And holy rays of wisdom spread.
Pearls of great price should grace the page,
And mark the advancing steps of age,
That speak of the to be.

Aye, on that truth illumined leaf,
Should God will life be long or brief,
(For Heaven holds our destiny,)
I fain would find a robe for thee,
Wrought out by grace all rich and free,
Glitter with gems thy diadem,
Thy crown of deeds that is to be."

When my father was owner and editor of "Porter's Spirit of the Times," he printed this poem in one of the issues of the paper, and brought it home to mother. She was pleased, and cutting it carefully out, put it in a little jewel case belonging to her greatgrandmother and in which (in company with two tonca beans) she hid her most sacred treasures,—bits of her baby's hair and other little mementoes. This box was lined with satin that had once been white, but was now yellow with age. Its shape exactly resembled the coffins in Hogarth's drawings.

The following is a letter written to me when I was a little girl and away at boarding school by grandma:

"New York, December 3rd, 1866.

My Dear Laura:

Your dear little letter though so long unanswered has been affectionately borne in mind. I am happy to know that your home-sickness has passed away and that your own cheery nature again holds sway. Dear

Child, let your ambition to excel rise with every intellectual opportunity, and make the utmost of the great capacity with which you are endowed. In your account of the various tasks and duties assigned you, religious observance seems to have a prominent place. Happy is it indeed when Evangelical truth is a forceful element in the education of childhood and youth. You ask me to excuse your spelling. In that particular, my dear, I am happy to say that there is little opportunity for reproof, but there is a decided lack of punctuation. I wish that I had something of interest to tell you, but your mother, your father, and Charlie reap the whole harvest of news for the little girl at school, leaving me not even the gleanings which is not living up to the scriptural injunctions, is it? But even if they did not leave me a bit of news here and there, I am afraid I gather so slowly these days, that by the time it reached you it would be a withered sheaf. Have you ever read the story of Ruth and Rebecca? If not, I think you will find its perusal (I detest the word) interesting.

Write me soon again,

Your own Grandmama,

C. TOMLINSON."

This letter was written to me four months before grandma Tomlinson's death, when she was past her eightieth birthday. I wish I could describe to you children graphically all that grandma was. She was mentally a great force. No woman of her day had a better knowledge of ancient and modern (translated) literature. She was a born politician, and in the privacy of her home, discussed State and National issues brilliantly with her son and her grandsons. Grandma

recognized no sovereign of society. She entertained delightfully and constantly, but was indolently inclined, and though often tardy in making conventional visits, she was persistently courted by the most exclusive and most intellectual element of old New York. She was urged and entreated both by Lossing and Dr. Francis, the noted historians, to write her personal recollections of her family and connections, who were so conspicuous in the early history of our Republic, but Grandma hesitated and procrastinated and so lost an opportunity to afford those who were to follow her a genealogical treasure, which now is past finding out. Grandma lived always with her son Theodore E. Tomlinson (after the death of her husband), but until her death, the large family invariably alluded to the house on Second Avenue and Twelfth Street as "Grandma's." Grandma's room, just above the drawing room, was the gathering place for children and grandchildren. It was a large room, and in an alcove stood the high post bed, with its crimson silk canopy and hangings. On either side of this bed were rosewood steps, and the broad landing was finished like a balcony railing. Here on these bed steps we little grand daughters played, and up these steps I have mounted many time on my way to a "Lily White party," or in other words, to bed, on occasions when Grandma had honored me with an invitation to pass the night with her. There was a perfect mountain of a feather bed to tumble into, and once we were both settled down for repose, Grandma and Grandchild were divided by quite a hill, but from our valleys we hailed each other and had delightfully confidential talks about many things.

In Grandma's main room there was a Chippendale dressing table and chairs that matched it, and a little thin legged rosewood worktable with a work basket on it in which Grandma always kept a piece of fancy work, for she made it a rule never to read anything but the newspaper before luncheon. Grandma wore black silk gowns for every day, and black satin upon state occasions. Her waists always had full vests and kerchiefs of white illusion. She had quantities of beautiful rippling white hair, which in consequence of the united decrees of Aunt Tallmadge and Madame Fashion, she hid under a brown toupee. Grandma's caps were of real lace, black for morning and relieved by a few sombre flowers, but the afternoon and evening headdresses were things of beauty, composed of Blond or Regency or Point and bright even to fetching with ribbons and posies. Grandma was a brunette and to the end of her life she had a fine delicate complexion, bright, clear brown eyes and no wrinkles; she had little dainty hands and beautiful feet; she always wore white silk stockings, and in the house black satin slippers that had points over the arched insteps. Her particular chair was large, soft cushioned, high backed and roomy, and we children called it "Grandma's throne." We never said "you" to Grandma, nor "sat" in her presence unless we were invited to do so. I never remember hearing her scold one of her grandchildren but she could when occasion required, look at us in a way that made the stoutest and most defiant heart quail; yet we had no fear of her, and from the youngest to the oldest, from the child with her doll to the girl with her sweetheart, she was the dearest possible confidant and friend. Not many years before her death, a cousin,

a young boy in the New York University, asked her to write an essay for him to read as his own at morning exercises; and in making this request, he gave her some rather abstruse subject as a topic. Grandma took him at his word and wrote the essay, and the boy read it and it was criticised by the Chancellor as "the most brilliant effort he had heard in the room in many a day." My mother told me that as life's end drew near, Grandma's mind wandered, but it was into a realm of eloquent thought. She rallied and a clergyman was sent for. After praying beside her he asked, "Do you feel at peace, Mrs. Tomlinson?" "Sir," she replied, "my credentials are sure." Soon after this she fell into what seemed final unconsciousness. Doctor Willard Parker and Doctor Robert Watts were standing beside her bed, and Doctor Parker said, "At last this great woman whose mind and whose body have so long defied time and weakness, is conquered; her mighty will has found its master; she is incapable now of so much as lifting a finger." Then those that watched saw slowly but surely the hand, and then the arm lifted up and yet up. Then it fell heavily down. Grandma was dead.

In the New York Evening Post of April 17th, 1867, appeared the following obituary: "Those who were young people in society in New York thirty years ago, retain a vivid recollection of the dignity and grace with which Mrs. David Tomlinson presided over the charming circle that almost every evening assembled at her house. Broadway was then the promenade. The Bowling Green was still occupied by the oldest families. St. John's Park, Varick Street, and the regions contiguous were in vogue, while the extreme

limit of fashionable habitation was in Bleeker, Great Jones and Bond Streets. Mrs. Tomlinson was at this period over fifty years of age, and her manners in a marked degree, displayed the forms that were in use at the time of Washington and his immediate successors. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut. Her father Andrew Adams was a graduate of Yale College and was a lawyer by profession; he died in early manhood, and his daughters were brought up under their grandfather's roof. This grandfather was the Hon. Andrew Adams, a member of the Continental Congress, and for many years Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut. Through her mother's family (the Canfields) she was connected with the Spencers; she was a niece of Chief Justice Spencer of the State of New York, and first cousin of John Canfield Spencer, who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler. The generation which succeeded the notables of the Revolution in which her ancestors were so distinguished, was that in which Miss Adams flourished as a young lady. At the time that Litchfield was the Athens of America. Its famous Law School attracting to the spot the wisdom, erudition and scholarship of the land. It was in Litchfield that John C. Calhoun took his first lessons in a study which he afterwards turned to such unhappy account. In Litchfield it was fashionable for young ladies to be educated, accomplished and well read; and here in Litchfield surrounded by everything that could foster and develop her natural taste and abilities, Miss Adams early became distinguished for her intelligence, her wit, and her beauty. She married David Tomlinson, a young physician already known for his culture and scientific

attainments, and took up her abode at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, where the name of Mrs. Dr. Tomlinson is still held in loving remembrance. Some years later Doctor Tomlinson removed to New York City where he at once took the highest rank in his profession, and where he died in 1840. It is not the destiny of woman to influence by stirring deeds, nor ordinarily by achievements of any kind, but woman's influence on the world is none the less potent, because it is without observation. The power of Mrs. Tomlinson over every one with whom she came in contact was extraordinary. Genuine in character, she appealed to every class and condition of humanity; she held admiration and respect of all. She was haughty and austere, yet she had keen sympathies, and took a deep interest in all the pleasures of the young lives gathered about her. She permitted from them a well bred and conventional freedom; she discouraged in them presumption, affectation and assumption. She would have a graced a throne. She would have presided with dignity over a Counsel of State, but she did more than this in exercising an influence for the highest and best in thought and in word and in deed. She retained until her death all the mental force of her prime, and surrounded by children and grandchildren, she expired in the 84th year of her age."

TOMLINSON.

(1) Henry Tomlinson,
(2) Jonas Tomlinson,
(3) Abram Tomlinson,
(4) Agur Tomlinson,
(5) Joseph Tomlinson,
(6) David Tomlinson,
(7) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton.
(8) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
Laura Canfield Spencer Dayton Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton,
Harold Child Dayton.
(9) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.,
Aymar Child Dayton,
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton,
John Newman Dayton,
Alice Griswold Hyde Fessenden,
Laura Adams Dayton,
William Adams Dayton, Jr.,
Benjamin Hurd Fessenden,
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden,
Hayden Child Dayton.

HENRY TOMLINSON.

Henry Tomlinson and Alice (Hyde) Tomlinson his wife, with their three children came from Derby in Derbyshire, England to New England in 1652, and settled at Milford, Connecticut. Henry Tomlinson was the son of George and Maria Tomlinson, and was baptized in St. Peter's Church, Derby, in November 1606. The coat of arms that he brought to America

proves by its ornamentation that his family was descended through some line of Royalty. In 1656 Henry Tomlinson removed from Milford to Stratford, and on April the first, 1657, he bought of Joshua Atwater "an estate". In 1668 Henry Tomlinson and Joseph Hawley purchased a tract of land in Derby, and this portion of the land he presented to his son Jonas Tomlinson in 1671. Then in the same year Henry Tomlinson purchased a tract of land in New Milford sufficient for a township. Henry Tomlinson died at Stratford on March 16th, 1681, leaving a widow, two sons and five daughters. In 1688 his widow Alice Hyde Tomlinson married John Birdsey, she died January 25th, 1698, in the 90th year of her age. The Coat of Arms that Henry Tomlinson brought with him was in 1897 in the possession of Mrs. Katherine Plant Sterling of Stratford, Connecticut.

(2)
JONAS TOMLINSON.

When JONAS TOMLINSON was born is not recorded, but he married Hannah ————————, and then settled on the land that his father, Henry Tomlinson, had given him at Derby. He died in 1692 and at the time of his death owned large tracts of land in Derby, Stratford and Huntington.

(3)
ABRAM TOMLINSON.

ABRAM TOMLINSON, son of Jonas, married twice. His first wife was Mary ————————, his second, Lois Wheeler, formerly widow of Ebenezer Riggs.

What Lois's name was previous to Riggs is unknown. Abram Tomlinson was a prominent citizen of Derby. He held many offices of honor and trust under the Crown, and at his death in 1761, left a large estate to be divided among his children.

(4)
AGUR TOMLINSON.

Agur Tomlinson was born in Derby, November 10th, 1713, he married on December 4th, 1734, Sarah Bowers, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Bowers of the Parishes of Rye (New York) and Greenwich (Connecticut). Agur Tomlinson was a man of wealth and wide philanthropy. It is known that he took a little Indian boy the son of Manwehu and educated him. The children of Agur and Sarah (Bowers) Tomlinson were Nathaniel, *Joseph*, Webb, David, Abraham, Sarah, and Hannah. Agur Tomlinson died February 7th, 1800 aged 87 years.

The children of Joseph Tomlinson and Bethia Glover Tomlinson were Joseph, Bowers, David, Daniel and Agur.

(5)
JOSEPH TOMLINSON.

Joseph Tomlinson married Bethia Glover of Newton, Connecticut, Oct. 27th, 1763. She died November 1st, 1799. She was the mother of all Joseph Tomlinson's children. Joseph Tomlinson married for his second wife Mrs. Jedediah Wakelee, the widow of Jeremiah Hawley of Brookfield. Joseph Tomlinson was a man of wealth and position, and he gave all his sons collegiate educations, and here I

want to introduce a little incident. It seems that our great, great grandmother's mother, Mrs. Bethia Glover, lived with her son-in-law, Joseph Tomlinson, and one day during the Revolutionary War she happened to be left alone at home with her little grandchildren. Suddenly the door was forced open and in walked a British officer who blustered and threatened until the children were clinging in noisy terror all about the tiny old woman, who nothing daunted, is said to (like Silas Wegg) have dropped into poetry and to have made the following metrical remarks:

"Indeed gallant Captain, I do understand
You are a great warrior from England's far land!"
Have you a commission a monarch to right?
Or is it old women and children to fright?
If the latter, I tell you as you are a man,
The task is unequal while armed you stand!
But strip off your coutrements, throw down your gun,
See, I have two ladles and you shall have one.

Then we'll try it out fairly without more delay,
For you are too noble to show me foul play,
Then if it's my fate in this fray to be beat,
With submission, my ladle I lay at your feet.
My face it is furrowed and wrinkled appears,
For time has been plowing there seventy years;
But rouse up your courage, and fight like a man,
And handle your ladle as well as you can!

If you win this battle, your fame it will ring,
For brave Alexander ne'er did such a thing!
And Hercules too with envy will flount
To think he weren't here to assist in the rout!
You decline? Well, fight on your King to enthrone,
But, my son, let old women and children alone."

(6)
DAVID TOMLINSON.

DAVID TOMLINSON A. M., M. D., was born in Derby, Connecticut in August, 1772. He entered Williams College and graduated in 1798. He studied medicine and surgery under Doctor Wheeler of Red Hook Dutchess County, New York, and was licensed to practice by the Connecticut State Medical Society November 2nd, 1802. Establishing himself at Rhinebeck, New York, where he rose rapidly to prominence, he soon numbered among his patients the most distinguished families along the Hudson. For many years he was President of Dutchess County Medical Association. In the War of 1812 he was appointed surgeon-in-chief of the Second Regiment. In 1819 he was elected a member of New York State Legislature. In 1825 he removed to New York City, where he lived the remainder of his life. "All mankind love a lover," and so I am impelled to speak of Grandpa Tomlinson's first love. Her name was Polly Lobdell. She was a near connection of the Tomlinsons, and from two of my mother's cousins (both now past their eightieth year) I have gathered that this Polly Lobdell was a beautiful girl, as lovely of soul as she was of face, and that she lived in the family of Joseph Tomlinson. "Your Grandfather, my dear," (writes one of these cousins) "was a very fascinating man; polished as well as handsome. I don't know why he never married Polly Lobdell, but I think that when he met the beautiful, haughty and gifted Miss Adams his ambition conquered love. In time cousin Polly married a Mr. Barnum, and went

to western New York to live. Her two daughters Miss Maria and Miss Emily Barnum married the Mr. Parsons of Detroit." Grandpa Tomlinson was honored by his associates, and beloved by all his patients. I have heard my mother say that every summer and fall, Grandma put away a separate store of jellies and cordials for Grandpa's poor patients; that he bought fuel for homes where he found it needed and when he discovered a particularly bright child he paid for its schooling, and that finally his death was hastened by an errand of mercy one stormy night. A poor widow had sent the message that her baby was strangling with croup and that he alone could save it. He responded to her call; the baby was saved, but the Doctor fell insensible across his threshold in the early morning, and in a few hours passed away. He was the physician of the Vanderbilt family and brought all Commodore Vanderbilt's children into the world. He admired the pluck and energy of this energetic sloop captain and his wife, and when the eldest daughter married a young man named Clark, he received a note from Cornelius Vanderbilt asking him to honor the occasion with his presence, which he did. My mother had this note, but it has evidently been destroyed with many other interesting papers.

Here is a letter written by Grandpa Tomlinson to his youngest son Theodore E. Tomlinson when he (Theodore) was attending the Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio.

"New York, April 11th, 1833.

My Dear Son:

I received on the fifth instant a letter from President Stom, announcing that you had received a silent dis-

mission from College because of something that had occurred in which the Faculty believed that you had been improperly connected; and they express the apprehension that if you continue in Hudson, you will be led more astray and stand exposed to public discipline. No specific charge was made, only that you were not sufficiently open and ingenuous with the Trustees. Professors Wright's and Wortley's letters speak well of your industry, and pay high compliments to your talents. These letters say that you were absent but from one recitation, and that that was by permission. Your letter is more in detail, but it evinces marks of strong excitement. You are too young, my son, to engage in partisan political warfare, especially with your superiors, who, in this instance, are men of age, high standing and experience. You ought not to pride yourself on being a champion, and those young men who now flatter and encourage you, may at any time not only abandon but disown you. ———— Your subject of controversy appears to me to be quite outre! I should as soon expect to hear that you in Ohio had made it a matter of serious controversy and party strife, whether the Emperor Tuowkwaog in his late prayer to Imperial Heaven, to relieve his Kingdom from draught should have bumped his head against the ground once or thrice! or whether Don Quixote in his attack on the wind mills, showed sufficient courage to compensate for his want of wisdom, as to see anything profitable or beneficial resultant from what you have undertaken. You could do about as much with the first two arguments as the last. Abstract principles grounded on opinions of National rights will not apply to all causes or to all times. I

regret to hear that the students are leaving the College, and that there is so strong a feeling among them against the Professors. I enjoin it upon you, my dear son, not to encourage this, but rather seek to allay this condition. Remember one of the best precepts in Holy Writ: "Do good to your enemies." Ponder well before you act; keep your temper cool. If you feel yourself injured, pause and view the matter in every light before you attempt retaliation. In short, pursue Fabian policy, and be only on the defensive. In this way you may come off with honor, and you certainly will be more sure of possessing the esteem of your friends, and commanding the respect of your enemies. Be determined never to give the latter any advantage by your impetuosity. Speak respectfully to those under whose care you have been, and treat them with the deference due to their standing. 12th. I have just received another letter from President Stom, stating that you have taken a room near the College building where the Faculty think you will be exposed to some danger from a careless and injudicious selection of company. They think your welfare requires your removal. They say that your feelings toward the Institution are such that there is danger of your being involved in further antagonism, thereby forcing them to pass public censure (and at present there is no such condition so you could doubtless obtain admission to some other College). This solicitude on the part of the Faculty seems to me to indicate that you are not as quiet as you might be. Now I would not have you sit down and receive stripes when you have not deserved them, but do not invite their infliction. Every thing you do by word or action to incite the students

against the Professors is blameworthy and dishonorable. My son, be moderate and discreet if you wish to avoid my displeasure. I have not a fear that you will descend to either meanness or Billingsgate, if you will remember the advice I have given you, the precepts with which you have been reared, if you will follow the example of your ancestors. I wish you to write to your Uncle Spencer (so legibly that he can read what you have written) and give him a history of the whole matter, and ask his counsel. I, too, will write him, enclosing your letter to me.

You will remain where you are until you hear from him personally or through me. I fear that being exempt from College regulations, you will relapse into your old habit of late rising, which will certainly impair your health and retard your mental improvement. You know that I am an advocate for system. I shall expect you to give me a candid and explicit account of all that concerns you. Put it in the form of a diary; tell me the books you study; where you are while you write, and in what relation you stand to the men of your class; who you have as an instructor, and whether you have engaged him with the approbation of the Faculty, and whether any of the Faculty are courteous to you. I should be pleased to have a few words by post from Esq. Hudson or some other prominent person in regard to this matter. Write me how many students have left, and for what cause, or whether they were expelled or permitted to resign; and candidly state whether it was through your agency or caused by any act of yours. Do you still spend time in controversy? Can you now attend the debating societies? Send me some of the Hudson papers that discuss this

controversy. I will send you money whenever you write for it. I think that your Uncle may advise that you be sent to New Haven. You suggest Athens. The Faculty of the Western Reserve advise that you be near me and under my personal supervision, which I think you will agree with me, seems to imply that you have evinced the possession of a refractory spirit. I have written them for further particulars, requesting them to hand you their specific charges before they post them to me, in order that you may have all opportunity to prove your case. Don't disappoint me! It was embarrassing to know just how to answer these Faculty letters, and I hope they will not accuse me of a want of courtesy. I trust that you have too much frankness, nobleness and independence of character to conceal anything from me. I will do you justice, and pardon all your faults. You know I will never condemn you unheard. Accept, dear son, the warm and ardent wishes of your father for your prosperity and happiness. You have my benediction.

D. TOMLINSON.

P. S. I leave a page for your mother to write about the family and your friends. Since beginning this letter I have had frequent interruptions, for my practice grows constantly larger, so large in fact that to your brother Henry's care I must resign many of my friends to watch and help and tend. He must follow his father in this blessed work.

This letter shows, it seems to me, what manner of man Grandfather Tomlinson was, and I feel sure that no great grandson of his will ever read it without *loving and admiring him.*

Let us go back for a moment from grandpa Tomlinson's October to his June time, and read another letter. It is dated,

"Rhinebeck, August 4th, 1811.

My Dear Cornelia,

I am disappointed in not receiving an answer to my letter, but suppose that you expected to see me ere this. I intended to set out on Wednesday, but at the moment of my departure I was requested to visit Henry Armstrong, who has been wounded in a duel. I understand that the interview took place twenty miles from here by the cart road. As Henry was but slightly wounded, I did not tell the General until morning. I mention this to apprize you of the probability of my not being able to come to you as soon as I could wish. I am impatient to see you and not indifferent about the rest. Give my love to sister Maria and brother Henry Tallmadge, and kiss our boy for me.

Entirely your "Doctor Tom."

P. S. The duel took place in consequence of a dispute at Colonel Deveraux's. Henry mentioned the matter to me, but I thought it would end in smoke and paid no further attention to it until I was called. It was not until the third shot that the wound was given. The other gentleman did not fail to express earnest solicitude for the fate of the injured man. Not to feel the utmost anxiety when one has attempted the life of another, would be the height of vulgarity. They dined together, and exchanged every courtesy. Neither had the least feeling of anger for the other, so that it was an explosion of outrage which pardons both.

OUR MOTHER,

MARIA ANNIS TOMLINSON DAYTON.

"Honour thy Father and thy Mother."

I think that the sweetest memory the boys and their sister have of mother is that which takes them back to the twilight times, in the days when they were little children, when the firelight was all that lifted the dusk and mother sang to us the songs of her girlhood, "Blue Eyed Mary," "The Soldier's Bride," and other old melodies, stopping now and then to tell us of the lang syne; for mother was proud of her ancestry and earnestly desired to implant in her children a kindred sentiment. She was our tower of refuge in all times of childish, bodily or mental, distress. She was always our guide and our counsellor, but never our intimate friend. She cuddled her babies, but her sons and daughter cannot recall much caressing. She expected from her children the best in every effort of thought or word or deed, and she saw no occasion for praise because of an action well or bravely performed. To herself she was the severest of task mistresses, and whatever her natural inclinations may have been, she laid them unflinchingly upon the altar of her religious convictions. The blood of her Puritan ancestors came to the fore in every act of her life. She lost four of her eight children; two at birth time, and two in babyhood. For these she made no outward moan; she "anguished in solitude." We who read this story shall come to know how she loved them and how she missed them. Mother read more deeply than most women of her day, yet in all the years of her life, she found time but for one novel, and that

MARIA ANNIS (TOMLINSON) DAYTON.

From Photo, 1876.

was East Lynne! She told me that she sat up all night to finish it, and then she put it in the fire, vowing as she watched it turn to gray ashes, that it should be her last visit into the realms of fiction. She was to all outward seeming practical. Of light wit she had no comprehension, tho' not wanting in humor, and in her religious life she was singularly rigid for a woman so gentle, cultured and surrounded. She believed in a literal Devil and a burning Hell. Her God was the God worshipped by her great grandfather. Her Adam walked in a garden, and her Eve was a transformed rib; so it came to pass that her children as soon as they could lisp, were taught that "The chief end of man was to glorify God, and enjoy him forever." Until her mind in her last years became shadowed, Mother gave a seventh part of all that she had to the poor. She reserved a place at her table for some homeless or friendless one on every Sabbath day. Mother was by nature and by inheritance imperious, yet it was this grand pride, self-reliance, courage and profound faith in God, which made her the tower of strength on which we all leaned, husband and children, in hours of misfortune. Her indomitable perseverance and cheerfulness, her sublime endurance and helpfulness, and her ideal mother-love all insured our abiding fidelity to the fifth commandment.

But the boys and their sister, in their youth, never knew their real mother. Indeed it is piteous to think how very little at best, we really know concerning our nearest and dearest ones. These souls of ours are lonely things; they seldom come to the windows and look out upon life; so we come from the unknown, take possession of our

houses of clay, and when they crumble, we take up our pilgrim staff and go on our way into the unknown again.

I never knew mother until a few weeks ago. And the longing is strong within me to call her back just for a little space in which to tell her that I understand her now; that I know how dear and sweet and tender she was. Among mother's effects I found a scrap book in which were pasted a potpourri of old and recent newspaper clippings, some unusual receipts for puddings and pies, with here and there a quotation from a sermon or the announcement of the most recent microbe. The whole theme was so completely unlike mother's thought trend, that I fully intended to destroy the book, yet treasured it, and this last summer it chanced to lay where it was exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and the glue or mucilage that mother had used as a paste lost its power and I noticed that underneath it had once been covered with pencilled writing which had been faithfully rubbed out, but a great deal of Mother's "I will," has descended upon her daughter. Thus I took those faintly shadowed pages one by one and dipped them a little at a time in water, and while they were wet, by the aid of a strong magnifying glass, I was able ere the impression faded out again and forever to get enough back of the young girl's and the young wife's journal to show that mother possessed all the hidden sweetness and gentleness that heart could desire. I am sorry so much was lost, and I do not feel that I am betraying Mother's confidence in treasuring for to-day, and I hope many to-morrows, this "remembrance of the just." Before I refer to this journal and its extracts, I want to talk to the grandchildren about their grand-

mother. Maria Annis Tomlinson was born at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson on some second April, in the earliest quarter of the nineteenth century. Age was considered by conventional people when my mother was born "a vulgar topic," its introduction was relegated almost exclusively to tombstones; and even then in case of the gentler sex it was often omitted. Grandma Tomlinson used to tell us that we were all the exact age of our little fingers, and that fact had to satisfy a great deal of youthful curiosity, but the idea was upon the whole beneficial, for it came to pass that we judged of the ages of those about us through their ability to enter into our pleasures, pursuits and interests and it drew our large family and its numerous connecting links into closer and more enduring bonds. Mother's childhood was passed in Rhinebeck. Her girlhood and womanhood in New York city. She was a pupil at Miss Ten Broeck's school for young ladies. Before me as I write is a "Reward of Merit" card. It is an oblong bit of yellow paper with designs of scroll work engraved at either end. In company with a head of Minerva are the words, "Reward of Merit." In the centre is a representation of the Battery. There is an illustration of a ferry house on the New York side, and another in Brooklyn, while upon the water that glides between, Mr. Fulton's steamboat is strongly presented. Beneath this artistic creation is the following: "The bearer Miss M. Tomlinson has by diligence and attention excelled those of her class in Dictionary, and merits my esteem. E. P. Ten Broeck, Instructress."

In the dear old journal was first a number of mother's compositions; all were written before her thirteenth year, and principally to show to the children

of to-day what was expected of a child of eighty years ago, I copy one of them.

"UNTIRING LABOR OVERCOMETH ALL OBSTACLES."

"From labor health, from health contentment springs.
Contentment opes the source of every joy,"

"This is a just sentiment and is beautifully expressed by Beattie. That it was the design of Providence that man should labor is evident from the fact that idleness is incompatible with health or with happiness. We are indebted to labor for all the stupendous works of art. It is labor that has brought us to this elevated state of civilization, and of refinement. All the magnificent palaces that have ever been erected, and even the pyramids of Egypt which excite both our wonder and admiration, were designed by the labor of the mind and accomplished by the labor of the body. Labor not only creates the new, but restores the old. What illimitable stores of knowledge may be attributed to mental labor. What great victories have been achieved by the workings of one great mind. What light, labor has thrown upon art, literature and science."

Then follow a number of other compositions whose titles are: "A Prose Condensation of the Poem Hoenlinden," "Knowledge is Power," "Delays are Dangerous," "The Fame of Lycurgus," "Reflections on the Grecian States," "Reflections on the History of Rome," "Republican Institutions and their Influence," "The Seasons of the Year; how they resemble the Periods of Life," "Prosperity and Adversity, the summer and winter, the sunshine and storm of life," "The duties and enjoyments of evening as described by Cowper," "Idleness and Industry."

These compositions of a little school girl in 1833

may be crude and unfinished effusions, but I doubt if one of our kindergarten-blown advanced girls of 1901 could do better than match them in point of order and originality.

Mother at the age of eighteen was thus pictured to me by my father: "She was a trifle above the medium height; she had an exquisite figure; her neck and shoulders were marvels of beauty." In mother's young ladyhood, swansdown was extensively used as a finishing trimming for the necks of decollette bodices. One evening at a party, Mrs. "Chancellor" Livingston called mother to her and said: "My dear, come close to me, I want to see where the swansdown begins." Mother was startlingly white. She was so entirely devoid of color that she always felt it to be a great defect. Her eyes were dark gray, rather large but deep set, her eye-brows and eye-lashes were black. Her hair was a perfect glory, neither chestnut, auburn nor golden, but holding the beauties of each; all the wonderful lights and shades of the three. From girlhood, mother was eminently pious. A connection of hers, The Reverend Augustine Hewitt, used to say that "if Maria had been a Roman Catholic she would have entered a sisterhood at sixteen and been canonized as a saint at sixty."

Mother was exceedingly calm, and this calmness made her appear in girlhood to disadvantage. She told me that on the occasion of her introduction to father, he was pronounced in his attentions to her, that he talked fluently and charmingly, while she said just "yes" and "no" until father, unable to comprehend that anything so charming to look at could be so silent said, "Pray Miss Tomlinson, don't be a chair."

And now having given in a desultory way the grandchildren an idea of grandma Dayton at eighteen, I here introduce the bits from the diary that I have rescued, stopping here and there to elaborate as memory serves me.

"November 29th, 1837. We went to Meg Chauncey's wedding last night. One of the guests, Mr. Howard was very devoted to me. He sails for New Orleans to-day so I shall never see him again."

"December 5th, 1837. I spent a delightful evening at Mrs. Price's. I was introduced to a young Mr. Dayton who has just returned from Europe where he has been educated. He was master of ceremonies and led the cotillion with me. I danced almost entirely with him, only once with William Price, who said, "He felt hurt." Mrs. Price came to me once and said, "My dear, as you have four beaux, I think I shall have to borrow a few of them." Once in dancing, Mr. Dayton said he wished that I would express more life."

"December 10th. I received this morning a package brought by a footman whose livery I think I knew. On opening it I found a spray of Arbor Vitae, and these words, "Unchanging friendship, St. John Park, A. C. D."

"December 12th. Some beautiful roses have come from William Price, with these lines: "Nothing could be more sweet, nothing a fitter emblem of thyself than these queenly flowers." William Price is the eldest son of our United States District Attorney. He is a young lawyer rich and talented."

I cannot resist stopping to tell you a little incident that occurred in connection with this gentleman in my presence. When our father died in August 1877, the

funeral services were held in the evening, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, a few of the most intimate friends of our mother's came into the room where she and her family were seated. A little whitehaired gentleman crossed the threshold, made his way to mother's side, lifted one of her hands to his lips and then without a word left the room. They told me afterwards that this was William Price, who had never married.

"January, 1838. I spent the afternoon with Mrs. Walden. Mr. Walden, Abby, little Ellen and I sat and talked about the future, and we wondered what it had in store for us all. Mr. Walden asked me to write this down, that I might look back to this afternoon when Father Time had answered our question for us."

"January, 1838. Thomas Walden has given me a bit of Eglantine taken from the spot on which Alexander Hamilton fell."

"February, 1838. Mr. John Newman Bradley sent me some beautiful flowers to-day, as did John Cotton Smith (Governor Smith's son from Sharon, Connecticut)."

"June, 1838. Mr. Walden has sent me a new song, it is called "Come to the Lattice to me Love." Mr. and Mrs. Livingston asked Julia and me to go with them to the Panorama of Jerusalem and Niagara Falls. They are fine beyond all description. On our return home we walked up as far as Houston Street to hear the band play in Niblos Garden, and we saw Tonsicaro, the new tenor."

"March 15th, 1839. To-day Mrs. Price has invited me to be her guest for the last time before her departure for France. She said to me, "Maria, I wish with all my heart that you would go with me." "In

deed," she said, "you had better go, for Mr. Price has a beautiful house in Paris in readiness; it is in the midst of a fine garden, and it is within a few minutes walk of the Tuilleries." I cannot go. * * * * William has asked me for a lock of my hair and I have given it to him, and he insists that it shall be———." All the rest of this confidence was hopelessly rubbed out, but one wonders if he did not say "buried with him," and one wonders if it was?

"March, 1839. The Prices are about to cross the broad Atlantic, and perhaps I shall never never see them again on earth. William and I have had a serious talk. I weighed it all; my ambition, my love and my duty. I went to my creator for guidance and then I told William my secret, a secret that I had not breathed even to myself. I told him that my heart was gone. I told him this in tears of sorrow for his pain and for my own too.

"Oh Lord, I know not what to ask of Thee
Thou only knowest what I want.
Thou lovest me better than I can love myself;
Oh Lord give to me, who desires to be Thy child
What is best for me, whatever that be.

I dare not ask either crosses or comforts;
I present myself before Thee,
Behold my true wants of which I am ignorant.
Do thou bestow according to Thy wisdom,
Smite or heal, distress or set me up.

I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them,
I silently offer myself a sacrifice,
I abandon myself to Thee.
Having no greater desire than to accomplish Thy will
Teach me to pray, say Thou, Thyself, Amen."

The white bud felt for the first time the power of human love. Through her childhood and early girlhood, she had folded her affection for father, mother, sisters, brothers, kinfolk and friends within her love for God, but now she was startled to discover that for her there had come to be not only a new Earth but a new Heaven upon earth! That the songs of the angels, the gates of pearl, the streets of gold, aye, even the great white throne itself were as nothing in her thought, when compared with a new name which the hand of Fate had written upon her heart. The realization brought with it a sort of terror of this strange power that was mastering her will, and in her journal she writes down this prayer of Fenelon's, and makes it her own. God's answer to it is and shall be written in the lives of her children and her children's children.

"April 19th, 1838. I met Mr. Dayton at Bond Street and Broadway, and he walked on with me. I told him that his father, Mr. Charles W. Dayton, had paid mother a call last evening."

"April 21st. I have had my first serenade. I think it was one of the Ward boys from Bond Street, but am not sure. I was asked to a luncheon at Mrs. Dewar's to meet some young ladies from England, afterwards we all went to the Academy of Design."

"April 23. This afternoon little Ellen asked me to take her up to see cousin Cornelia Staples, and when we were on Broadway near Houston Street, we met young Mr. Dayton. He asked where we were going, and said if I would permit him, he would walk with me. I said he might, and he escorted us quite to cousin Cornelia's door. He told me that he was feeling badly because his beautiful saddle horse "Willoughby" had

been sent up to Cato's to be shot. He said he would never go past there as long as he lived. Before I knew Mr. Dayton, I used to see him on bright afternoons on Broadway on this beautiful gray horse, and we used to wonder how the slight young figure kept his seat, for the great horse would stand on his hind legs and snort and paw the earth, and if there chanced to be any barricade where the road was being mended he would vault over it as swiftly and as gracefully as a bird. Mr. Dayton has told me that "Willoughby" was as gentle as a kitten and that he had trained him to go through these performances whenever they came within range of *certain parasols*; he said that all he had to do was to pretend to be taking his handkerchief from his coat-tail pocket, simply touch "Willoughby" and off he would go. Then he told me an amusing story; he said not long since, the President came to New York and the Militia decided to give a grand review, and General Sanford asked him to let him ride "Willoughby." The day arrived and "Willoughby." showed all his Hambletonian pedigree as he headed the march with the stalwart little General upon his back; all went well for a while; "Willoughby" snorted and danced to the music of the drums and fifes, but when the cannons poured out a salute, "Willoughby" stood perfectly still, and then as though he had quite made up his mind that he didn't approve of the sound and the smell of the powder, he drew his legs together, hunched up his body and sent the gaily caparisoned General over his head. Before the astonished attaches could comprehend the situation, "Willoughby" took his way across Washington Parade Ground, and was neighing at his own stable door.

"April 23. Mr. Dayton called this evening. He asked mother to let me take a drive with him behind his flyers (as he calls them), but mother declined to permit it. Mr. Dayton told me he thought it was absurd to be so rigid. He said, New York was neither Paris or London."

"June 9th. At nine o'clock I had a serenade. The songs I liked best were, 'Maid of Athens,' and 'How can I leave my Father's Halls.' At three this morning I was awakened by the sound of a guitar and a flute. I knew the voice that sang 'On the Banks of the Blue Moselle,' and 'Ah, well a day.' "

"June, 1838. Mr. Charles W. Dayton spent the evening with me. A. C. D. was a master of ceremonies at the Jay's cotillion the other evening. He never seemed half so charming to me before; he is so graceful, so distinguished and elegant, but he danced a great deal with Miss Brevoort. Mr. Charles W. Dayton says that his son is a butterfly, and every rose in the New York garden of girls has but a passing interest for him (then he probably does not care for Miss Brevoort).

"He has told me that he loved me. I asked him about Miss Brevoort and Miss Astor, and he said, "Don't ask me about it." I asked him about Miss Cook, and he said, "You make my blood run cold." He asked me to give him a little curl that is always hiding at my neck just back of my ear, and I cut it off and gave it to him.

"Some one (who shall be nameless because I promised him that he should be) has sent me some verses that A. C. D. wrote on the death of Miss Cook, after Epps Sargent had taken him to see her grave." This is the poem:

"To the Dead."

"They say thy heart has ceased to beat
Thy gentle voice has ceased to sound;
They led me to this wild retreat
And pointed to this solemn mound.
So should it be, I could not brook
The world above thy grave to look.

No stately marble sculptured line
Thy name, thine age, thy virtues tell,
But here one lonely heart reclines
In woe that tears can never quell.
And poor and weak and more than vain
All words that strove to paint thy worth

And what were now the loftiest strain
But mockery from lips of earth,
For death would be the burden still
Its every note would jar mine ear.
The words might crowds enraptured thrill,
I could not heed, I could not hear.
Enough! enough! since thou art not,
No maid on earth I ask to know,
Still will I haunt this desert spot,
And dream of thee who sleeps below."

Mr. C. W. Dayton has been here this evening. He says that time only makes his son's affection for Miss Cook's memory the stronger. I must see him at once, and yet I keep saying over and over to my heart, "he does love you best, he does love you best." I met him on Broadway this afternoon. He promenaded with me and I quietly and calmly told him all that his father had said about him and Miss Cook and the poem. He seemed to be rather more amused than distressed. He said

out of mingled respect and veneration for his forty-two year old father, he must decline the honor of standing sponsor to the poem to which I alluded, as it emanated entirely from his father's gifted pen. But I do not believe it. I know that he loves Miss Cook. I have early learned what a power one can exercise over self. I am to-night looking back upon the romance of my life. This experience will surely strengthen me and make me useful to my own. Time has proved so many things that I was so unwilling to believe, and we part to-night."

"July 1st. Mrs. Abram Child, A. C. D.'s grandmother, sent for me to-day to pass the afternoon with her at her home in St. John's Park. She is a charming little old lady, so courtly and dainty. She told me that her grandfather, John Aymer, owned most of the ground where the Tuillieries now stand. She said he was a zealous Hugenot, and fled from France because of the religious persecutions. He first went to England, where he had many noble relatives, and finally came to America. Mrs. Child said that when she was a little girl she used to take baskets of fruits and jellies to the sick American prisoners that were shut up in the sugar houses. She said Cunningham never refused her admission, although she used to tell him if she were only a little boy she would be a Federal drummer and hurrah for Washington. She told me what a lovely young man Abram was, and said all he needed to make him just what he should be was a good noble girl's love. When I came away she handed me a sealed envelope. I opened it in the carriage on my way home. (It was in Mr. Dayton's handwriting.)

"July 2nd. I met A. C. D. on Bond Street this after-

noon and he drew my hand through his arm and then said: "Now you have publicly announced our engagement." We are reconciled, he has been with me all the evening. He says that she was his first love it is true, but that time strengthens the possibilities of a man's affection, and I do not wish to believe otherwise. I have always said that if I should ever marry, it should be to one whom I would follow as a guide. Am I doing this? At all events he shall be ever to me the first object in this world; one to whom I will gladly surrender every thought but that which belongs to Heaven. I am so happy and yet so sad. What a puzzle to ourselves we are! I have always thought that I had the ability to accomplish great things, and only lacked the courage and the assertion; yet where he is concerned I can do nothing but bend. I am, I know morbidly sensitive; and I am jealous, and I tremble at my idolatrous worship. I know I should not be jealous, for it is his nature to charm and to win, and it is no fault of his that he is a distinguished presence everywhere. I know that he is admired and courted, and yet way down in my soul I know that he loves me dearly."

"September 1st, 1844. This is my wedding day and I am dressed for the ceremony, but I have shut myself into my room that I may say good-by to you, my little book, my dear friend, because I love you for all the memories you have treasured, and when I next write on your pages it will be to record a new life."

"January 7th, 1848. Years have come and gone since I last opened these pages, and what changes time does make. I am now enlisted heart and soul in the two most sacred duties of life, wifehood and mother-

hood. To-day I presented my little son, Charles Willoughby, for baptism."

"April 25th. It is just a year since my precious father breathed his last. I am staying with mother for a few days and she has given me back my old room. This is the bed beside which I knelt down in all my fair bridal robes on my wedding day to ask God's blessing on my love and on me. Has my prayer received its request? There has been such a mingling of sorrow and chastisement that one wonders! It seemed as though my heart would break when my little baby girl came and went her way, my baby that was never held against my breast, whose little face I never saw (How shall I find her in Heaven?) But I must not question. I must be grateful that God's grace has sustained me, and at last a peace fell upon me when my little Charlie came."

"May 19th, 1848. Dear Brother Henry died a week ago. He did what every physician should do, stood at his post of duty. He was directing the treatment of the patients at quarantine and in a moment the plague came upon him and he was gone. My sweet baby Charlie has taken whooping cough, and as it is contagious he has been taken away from me. It is terrible for a mother to be separated from her child. I am so grateful that good Betsey Rice, his faithful English nurse, was allowed to go with him. How often in my dreams as well as when I wake, I hear my baby's voice. Oh dear Father in Heaven, let me hold him in my arms again! Let me feel his sunny head against my breast. My husband was detained down town much later than usual this afternoon, and I foolishly made myself think that he had received word that he

might bring the baby home, but at last he came alone and told me that I must not expect to see Charlie for a long time, then I went and found you, little book, to tell my sorrow to."

"May 20th. I went to bed and to sleep and dreamed such a fearful dream. I dreamed that my baby was dead; and it was so blessed to wake up and know that it was all untrue."

"November 14th. My Charlie boy is at home again. Mrs. Abram Child (Mr. Dayton's grandmother) died last Friday. She was within a few days of her one-hundredth year. She never failed mentally, she never was ill, and was at breakfast with the family on the morning of the day she died. At eleven a maid whose duty it was to serve her with a cup of coffee at that hour, found her lying peacefully upon her bed; the angel of death had kissed her while she slept and she had awakened in Heaven."

"November 17th. My baby is in the cradle beside me, he is cutting ten teeth."

"November 23. Mr. Dayton has gone to Philadelphia with his regiment, the Light Guard. He dined with his father last Sunday. The house in St. John's Park is re-opened. There is a day and a night nursery for the children and a play room for Charlie. An entire floor has been set aside for me, refurnished and redecorated. It consists of a bedroom, boudoir and a commodious dressing room and bath.

"October 24th, 1849. I was made so happy to-day by something that Abby told us at the breakfast table. She said that she was in the store room this morning, and that Charlie and Davey were both with her. Davey asked for a lump of sugar, Charlie asked for one too.

Abby said, "Charlie, I fear that your Mamma would not allow you to take any if she were here, but I will give you this tiny piece." She said Charlie took it and looked at it a moment and then handed it back to her saying (with a sigh) "I'd like it Aunty Abby, very much, but if my mother don't want me to, I won't even take a little bit." I am so proud of my boy who has only just passed his third birthday."

"November 7th, 1850. Mr. Dayton has brought us so many beautiful things from Europe, many more than he has ever brought us before. He had a watch and chatelane made, and expressly designed for me in Paris. He brought me a beautiful India Shawl, and some lace for my baby's caps (that he paid forty dollars a yard for, which I think was too extravagant for such a purpose). He had a pair of Xmas stockings manufactured for the little boys in Birmingham. They are much taller than Charlie and will hold a host of gifts. Then he brought both the children velvet coats lined with white silk and trimmed with ermine. I have never talked to you dear Journal about my sweet baby Theodore. He is ten months old and so beautiful. Truly as his name implies, he is a gift from God."

"November. My dear baby has been very ill and I have not taken any rest night or day. The Doctor's treatment seems to me so heroic. My father gave us children little or no strong medicines when we were ill. I gave Theodore by the Doctor's direction sixteen drops of laudanum in eight hours. Then I said that whatever came of it, I would give the child no more. The Doctor insisted that I need not hesitate, that any danger from the giving of laudanum discovered itself immediately by inducing sleep, and if sleep was not

produced he said that one could safely continue its use at intervals of two hours.

There has been a consultation, and our dear Dr. Francis and Dr. Willard Parker, who I insisted should be sent for, have been with my boy all day long.

"December 8th. My baby has left me: he died in the early morning, long before the light came. It is now noon and every thing seems so unreal, so far off, so vague, and my arms are very empty. They tell me I must go to bed, so I have been to say good night to my baby. He was so cold and so still, and I could not nestle his golden head in my arms."

"December 13th. This time last week I was holding little Theodore in my arms, and singing to him. How blessed I was that I could not look forward and see this desolate to-day. I know that I shall never recover from this blow; it will change my whole life. If it be God's will that I live to extreme old age, I shall mourn for this child that is not. I shall long for my baby; I shall want him back; I shall never lose him from my daily and hourly memory so long as reason lasts, and I pray God to hear this as a prayer and grant its fulfillment. I have told Betsey Rice to bring me all the baby's clothes, and here they all are; the dainty pretty things to be folded away, but not with a mother's tears, for my eyes are dry; my soul is a parched land.

How I did look forward to this coming Xmas day. I am afraid I was too proud of my two bonnie boys, but indeed I always tried to remember that they were God's too."

"New Year's Day, 1851. I have come over to mother's to spend the day because it is too desolate at home. I am all alone in mother's room (the others

are in the drawing room receiving calls). Last year at this time Theodore was ten days old, and the nurse let me sit up among the pillows and dress him. I feel that he might have been spared to me. I said this to mother this morning, and she asked me if I thought that such expressions evinced a Christian spirit. I suppose they do not, but what can I do? What can I do, for I can not forgive Dr. G————, I have told him so."

"April.

And thou art gone, not lost or flown
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back and leave thine angel mould?
Back and leave those streets of gold?
Back and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back to earth and sin? Nay, rather
Would I live in solitude.
I would not ask thee if I could,
I patient wait the high decree
That calls my spirit home to thee.
For I know he is faithful that has promised
That he'll surely come again.
He will keep his tryst wi' me, what time I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait and ready aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain countree."

And here our mother's Journal comes abruptly to its close, and there is nothing more written in the book save this:

"Sunday evening September 3rd, 1882. It is now thirty-eight years since my wedding day. My husband died five years ago, and the children are divided, four

with him and four left to bear me company. I am looking back through these pages to-night, and I see how yesterday's shadows are forgotten in gratitude for to-day's sunshine. My dear ones are most of them gone before me, and I know the fullness and joyousness of the meaning when I sing; 'I am nearer my home in Heaven to-day than ever I've been before.' My three boys and my girl are all honorable, forceful and self reliant, and my Laura is coming to me with her little baby boy. I cannot express all the gratitude I feel."

Although this is the only Journal that Mother kept, she was an eager gleaner of forceful precepts whenever they appeared, and to give some idea of this intellectual trend, I will copy a few selections from among her extensive collection. Frequently these clippings were enclosed when writing to her children.

"It was the opinion of Simon the Just, a prince of the royal line of Jewish Kings, that the world needs but three pillars to uphold it. Knowledge, Worship and Charity."

"Work is a sublime prayer. The doing the best one can, is the key note to all that we can do."

"It was the effort to do his best for his master that gave Leonard de Vinci the inspiration and enthusiasm to paint the Last Supper. This effort made his name immortal."

"The virtuous man builds the child, the virtuous child the family, the virtuous family builds the community, the virtuous community builds the government."

"Reading makes a full man, talking a ready man, writing an exact man," says Bacon.

"It is clear from the writings of both the Greeks and Roman authors that in ancient times the position of the nurse was one of honor and importance."

"The shield or knightly escutcheon of the middle ages was circular in outline and convex; the body was of wood, the rim of metal."

"Moral truth will always look old fashioned, just as a well regulated household has something patriarchal about it."

"To float like Aristippus with the stream is a bad receipt for felicity, for there must always be some fixed principle by which all wishes and desires may be regulated," says Juvenal.

"Horace was crowned with more tenderness than respect in the palace of Augustus. His gate was called the infant gate."

"Perhaps I have written this down somewhere before, but it is too good to forget, therefore, I write it now: Plato said that Aristippus was the only man he knew who could wear with equal grace fine garments and rags."

"Tertallian says, 'The materiality of the soul is evident from the Evangelists. A human soul is there expressly pictured as suffering in Hell; it is placed in the middle of a flame; its tongue feels a cruel agony, and it implores a drop of cold water at the hands of a happier soul. Wanting materiality,' he says, 'all this scene would be without meaning.' "

"Strauss calls the resurrection of Christ the centre of the centre, the real heart of Christianity; and this leads Christlieb to assert that dogma is the proof of all dogmas, the corner stone on which the Christian church is built."

"John Wycliff under Edward the Third, first gave the Bible to all England. Forty years after Wycliff's death, his bones were taken up and burned to ashes; and these ashes were then thrown upon a little stream called the Swift. Fuller tells us that the Swift conveyed these ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and thence to the main Ocean. Thus are they the emblems of his doctrine which now is dispersed all over the world."

"In 1736 Bishop Butler published his Analogy which extinguished the Rationalists of England for a long series of years. The form that infidelity now effects to define by the term Rationalism, is this: The rationalists maintain that the sole guide to the truth in religion is reason especially in the interpretation of the Bible. The Socinians were long ago called Rationalists, and in the Eighteenth Century the name was given in Germany to those who had previously been called Naturalists. Rationalism is universally embodied in those who deny the uses of Faith. The Deists and Infidels of England in the Seventeenth century were called Rationalists; and among their number were such men as Lord Shaftsbury, Anthony Collins, Charles Blount and John Toland. In 1730 Matthew Tindal held that natural religion was sufficient for all practical purposes; that revelation was unnecessary, and that Christianity was an unseemly excrescence. Wolliston in 1728 wrote a series of letters in which he tried to prove that Moses was not an authentic historian. This Wolliston was imprisoned for blasphemy, and as none of his former friends and admirers were willing to pay his fine of seven hundred dollars, he died in jail."

"I do not believe we are half aware of our great indebtedness to those persons who faithfully preserve for us, through their written descriptions, the histories of their present lives and surroundings."

"In his book, 'Evolution in Geology,' Doctor Bixby says: Throughout the inconceivably long ages, during which living beings have existed, there has not been the smallest atom of time wherein there has not been an evidence of a Personal Presiding Mind."

"The old man Jacob and the Monarch met. The King bowed in reverence to the patriarch and gratefully received his blessing for, 'The gray head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.' "

"One in speaking of the rural piety of New England says: "I have lived years and years among the Puritan People of New England; I have summered and wintered with them; I have attended parties at Deacons' houses and Prayer meetings too; I have been on sleigh rides and to husking bees and to apple bees and barn raisings; and weddings and to revivals and to funerals; and I am prepared to say that the stories of hardness and bitterness that we read of are wilful misconceptions. In Dr. Sprague's book "The lives of the Early Preachers of New England," he says, "As a whole they were the most genial, companionable and happy set of men that ever lived. They did keep the Sabbath day holy, but they enjoyed all rational pleasures; and what is more to the purpose, they enjoyed their religion."

"Christ began his ministry with eight blessings, and ended it with eight woes."

"The Preternatural is a power exercised by men or seen in nature. It is simply an unusual gift of insight into some law as yet beyond our intelligence and com-

prehension. Bacon and Aristotle studied the vagaries of insanity just as we to-day study the supernatural which is the exercise of some divine power in Providence. The Greeks and the Roman sages believed in the supernatural as truly as do many Christians of to-day. The miraculous is the sudden and transforming power of the Author of All in creating new forms of power in animal life, which Socrates among the Greeks and Cicero among the Romans, Cuvierre in France and Agazziz in America, have scientifically demonstrated. Of the supernatural it has been said that the tear and the star are equally embraced in an infinite scheme; that one law regulates the arrangement of leaves upon their stems, and the vast revolution of the planets in the heavens. We know that the humblest life which has intellect, and will in it, is associated intimately with unreached cycles of surprising thought to which it has organic relations."

"The real man, the gentleman, treats every one from the personal standard of his sense of honor and dignity. It is only vulgar haughtiness and haughty vulgarity that defies kindness and humanity."

"The effect of our public schools has been to produce liberty of thought, liberty of conscience and liberty of speech."

"A century ago a session of the Presbyterian church in Scotland caused an adjournment of its deliberations for a week in order that its members might attend a series of theatrical performances with Mrs. Siddons as star. Such a statement shows a marked change in the thoughts and convictions of that denomination at the present day. In Colonial days in New England there was always an Ordination Ball when a new pastor

settled in a parish and the Minister's wife (if he had one) opened the dance."

"Before going into battle at Edgehill, Sir Jacob Astley made this remarkable prayer, "Oh Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day so if I forget Thee do not Thou forget me."

"Prosperity not infrequently in the case of Nations, as well as of men, brings about ruin. Wealth begets luxury, luxury moral laxity, and these in turn beget the love of ease and an indifference to duty, which means a shirking of responsibility."

"Hannah Moore says that in her girlhood there was nothing to read between Cinderella and the Spectator."

Cicero's first speech in defense of Roscius was made at the age of twenty-seven. At twenty-seven Demosthenes distinguished himself in the Assembly at Athens. At twenty-seven Dante published his Vita Nouva. At twenty-seven Bacon formed his new system of philosophy. Washington was twenty-seven when he covered the defeat of the British troops under Braddock. John Quincy Adams was twenty-seven when he was appointed minister to the United Netherlands. Cowper was past fifty before he gained intellectual recognition. Young never wrote anything that could be called poetry until he had passed his sixteenth birthday. Pope began to write at twelve. Chatterton at twelve. Cowley at fifteen. Samuel Rodgers at nine. Thomas Moore at fourteen. Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope" at twenty-one, and Pope his essay on criticism at the same age. At eighteen Shelly produced his atheistical poem "Queen Mab." Keats wrote his "Endymion" at twenty-two. Mrs. Hemans began to write at fifteen. Mrs. Norton at seventeen

composed her "Sorrows of Rosalie." John Mayne at sixteen wrote the "Siller Gun." Hannah Moore wrote her "Search after Happiness," at seventeen, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote verses at five."

"Goethe died in 1832, a year which swept away many of the great men of the European world. Among those who died in this year were Cuvier, Crabbe and Sir Walter Scott. In the year 1779 Napoleon and Cuvier were born, In 1757 Alexander Hamilton and LaFayette were born. Hegel, Wordsworth and Chalmers in 1770, and MacPherson, Herschel and West in 1738."

"Truth is violated by falsehood; it is equally outraged by silence."

"He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness. When God would educate a man he compels him to learn bitter lessons; he sends him to School to the necessities, rather than the graces."

"Croesus, King of Lydia, was defeated and taken prisoner by Cyrus, King of Persia. Cyrus treated Croesus not only with kindness but with honor and ever afterward Croesus was the advisor and friend of Cyrus."

"Katharine de Medici brought the luxury of knives and forks into fashion from Venice. She also introduced the use of fine glass and Majolica."

"It was in the tea cup days of Queen Anne that the mania for collecting china began and tea sets were introduced. We all remember the lady in the Spectator, "who loved her marmoset as well as she loved her blue china tea pot, and loved her blue china tea pot better than she did her husband."

"Napoleon decided upon his generals by the shape of their noses."

"Memory makes eternity an evolution of the life that now is, by making friendship that begins here the charm of immortality."

"Creation or evolution is the question of the hour. Was each species created or was it evolved out of something else? Agassiz believed in creation; Haeckel holds that no logical mind can fail to see that there is no intermediate consistent resting place between the two opposite positions. Agassiz saw clearly that each new species of plant and mineral organization must be one of God's plans; and when challenged to his meaning in using this expression, he answered in the words of Socrates, "I admit," said he, "that mind must organize organisms."

These are but a few of the many thoughts that our Mother culled from her daily readings, and she only gave herself a limited time in every day for literary relaxation. I should like to add in this connection that Mother never belonged to any Club, attended a sewing society or made herself personally conspicuous in any public gathering in her life.

She had eminently old fashioned views on many points. She considered it vulgar to dress conspicuously in the street or in public places; she thought it improper for a young woman to go unveiled and unattended for walks and drives and that a chaperone or a brother should be included in every invitation. The acceptance of invitations to luncheons or suppers at Delmonico's and kindred places she highly disapproved. She always received her daughter's guests and remained a distant but perceptible

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figure during any call. Anything but a marriage or an obituary mention she considered a species of disgrace if found in the daily papers, and words fail of expressing her disapprobation of "Soda Water" treats at the Drug Store. It seemed quite as dreadful to her, as if the women of birth and breeding had congregated by common consent in bar rooms, but Mother lived to be a very old fashioned woman.

I shall never forget attending with her a course of Lectures given at the New York University on the "Nebula." They were by Prof. Draper. We sat through the entire twelve, and one day being more than weary I ventured to tell my Mother that I did not understand a single word of it and made bold to inquire what it meant to her? She gave me a glance that made me feel weak, small and hopelessly insignificant, and then said quietly, "My dear, it is never wise to acknowledge our own mental inferiority, even to ourselves, and if you feel that you are incapable of comprehending in this particular, comfort yourself with the knowledge that the atmosphere is intellectual."

I hope I have been able in this brief retrospect to give the grandchildren a faithful account of their grandmother. They will see from Mother's Journal that she was well born, delicately nurtured and carefully sheltered; and it seems fitting to add that whatever may have been at various and varied times our financial condition, our home was a palace and Mother was its queen. There might be little served at our breakfasts, luncheons or dinners, but all the appointments were beautiful and dainty. Our great grandmother's silver was reflected on the mirror-like surface of the dark old mahogany round table; our china was spode and can-

ton, and our crystal beautifully cut. I am sure the boys remember as well as I do those table talks of Mother's. We felt so much admiration for Miss Porter, who wrote the "Scottish Chiefs" and was so poor that she had to make a dinner headdress out of shaving curls. We used to laugh heartily at Scarron when at his dinners he would say to Madam Scarron, "Another anecdote please my dear," because he knew that an entree had failed to go round among his guests.

We all remember the little "Shepherdess of Salisbury Plains," who felt so sorry for the poor folk who had no salt to put on their potatoes. Mother always said a blessing at the table, and it was one of the severest tests of her faith, for she dreaded to do it. I remember when she was once called suddenly away by the illness of a sister that when we sat down at evening to dinner father said, "There is something missing from this table! Something we always have; I wonder where it is." We all felt that he was right, and joined in the search with our eyes, when father suddenly enlightened us by saying, "Why, it is the Blessing!"

When we were all young children our Grandfather Dayton died and his estate was involved, but I doubt if we ever comprehended the loss, for Mother was an exacting commander, and we had little time in our busy lives for idleness or repining. Next Father's health began to fail; father whose life's story shall be told to you; father who had never lost the glamor of youth, whom everybody loved because of his irresistible charm and magnetism. The evening after Father was buried, I slept with Mother; for a long time we both were quiet, and then she broke the stillness by saying: "I have no moan to make, it was best for

your Father to go. Life had passed him by, but I loved him and was devoted to him to the last. When I was sure that every one in the house had gone to sleep, I went down to the room where he lay and sat with him until morning. In those two nights I lived over again all our past, all our mutual joys and sorrows, and on the second night, just as the day was dawning, I took the wraiths of my bridal roses (that I had treasured all these years,) and I cut off a tiny curl of white hair, that he used to say grew at my neck so prettily when I was a girl, and I laid these next to his stilled heart, then I kissed him good bye and left him."

A change passed over Mother as the years of her life bordered upon the three score and ten. An apoplectic stroke left her a strange commingling of strength and weakness, and gradually it came to be that her interest and her joy centered in and about her eldest son; all others were but passing dear to her, and in this son's home she was enshrined like some rare jewel. Everything for her pleasure and comfort was accomplished, and at last amid a life of perfect present happiness Mother heard one morning the sound of the "Boatman's Oars."

Perhaps their muffled music stirred some sleeping chord of memory, at all events she took paper and pencil, and feebly traced these words.

"My dear mother may I come to you? Do let me hear from you? Ever your affectionate daughter M."

Did this letter written to the mother dead so many years, reach the somewhere and was her mother's summons the answer?

However that may be she was ready. She needed neither bell nor candle. She had "fought the good

fight" she had "finished her course" she "had kept the faith."

She had one message to leave, her thoughts, her heart, had gone back to her eldest son.

"Lizzie" she said to her maid, "remember that I told you, that my son is one of God's children", then silence came.

Mother ere long answered to her name and "was not."

As one writes a book whether it be a novel or a compilation, the scope and interest of the subject matter under discussion, has a happy way of broadening and lengthening.

Before closing Mother's side of the genealogy, I wish to add a few more LINES and besides this there will be some blank pages inserted for *other lines* mentioned which any one desiring to add to the book may fill out, at his or her pleasure.

TREAT.

(1) Richard Treat.
(2) Sarah Treat Canfield.
(3) John Canfield.
(4) Annis Canfield Adams.
(5) Cornelia Adams Tomlinson.
(6) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton.
(7) Charles Willoughby Dayton.
Laura Canfield Spencer Dayton Fessenden.
William Adams Dayton.
Harold Child Dayton.
(8) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.
Aymar Child Fessenden.
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton.
Alice Griswold Hyde Fessenden.
John Newman Dayton.
William Adams Dayton.
Benjamin Hurd Fessenden.
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden.
Laura Adams Dayton.
Haydon Child Dayton.

RICHARD TREAT.

On May 20th, 1658, RICHARD TREAT was chosen one of the sixteen magistrates of Connecticut. On May 17th, 1660, Richard Treat was again elected Magistrate. On the 20th of April, 1662, His Majesty granted the colony of Connecticut a Patent granting and conveying the most ample privileges under the

seal of England and one of the sixteen names upon this Incorporation of the Colony is that of our ancestors *Richard Treat.* In October, 1662, under this new Charter he was made magistrate. There is such a voluminous *Treat* Genealogy that it seems needless to do more than show our line. Through Richard Treat we are entitled to Colonial Wars and Colonial Dame ship.

BEACH.

(1) John Beach.
(2) Mary Booth Beach Fairchild.
(3) Mary Fairchild Adams.
(4) Andrew Adams.
(5) Andrew Adams.
(6) Cornelia Adams Tomlinson.
(7) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton.
(8), (9) &c.

JOHN BEACH.

JOHN BEACH and MARY BOOTH BEACH his wife, came from New Haven to Stratford, Connecticut, in 1660. He bought land at this time of Ensign Bryan of Milford. When the Beaches came to Stratford they had four children. In 1665 Hannah Booth Beach their third daughter was born, and she married Zaccharia Fairchild in 1668.

BOOTH.

(1) Richard Booth.
(2) John Booth.
(3) Mary Booth (Beach).
(4) Hannah Booth Beach Fairchild.
(5) Mary Booth Fairchild Adams.
(6) Andrew Adams.
(7) Andrew Adams.
(8) Cornelia Adams Tomlinson.
(9) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton.
(10) (11) &c.

RICHARD BOOTH.

Richard Booth was the fifth son of Sir William Booth Knight. He came to Fairfield and bought land and then he married Elizabeth Hawley, a sister of Joseph Hawley, of Stratford, Connecticut. Richard Booth settled at Stratford.

(2)
JOHN BOOTH.

John Booth son of Richard Booth and Elizabeth Hawley, was born in Stratford, Nov. 6th, 1658. He married Dorothy Hawley, daughter of Thomas Hawley of Roxbury.

(3)
MARY BOOTH.

Mary Booth, daughter of John Booth and Dorothy Hawley, married John Beach of Stratford.

(4)
HANNAH BEACH.

Hannah Beach, daughter of John Beach, and Mary Booth Beach, married Zaccharia Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD.

(1) Thomas Fairchild.
(2) Zaccharia Fairchild.
(3) Mary Beach Fairchild Adams.
(4) Andrew Adams.
(5) Andrew Adams.
(7) Cornelia Adams Tomlinson.
(8) Maria Annis Tomlinson Dayton.
(9) (10).

Trumbull says "Thomas Fairchild (Gentleman), was the principal planter and the first gentleman in the town of Stratford (bordering on Fairfield, Connecticut.) He was the first man vested with civil authority. He came directly from England to Stratford in 1639. His son Zaccharius Fairchild, had in 1680, bought twenty acres of land in Newton, Connecticut. On November 3rd, 1861, Zaccharia married Hannah Beach and they lived at Stratford. Mary Fairchild, daughter of Hannah Beach and Zaccharia Fairchild was born in 1698. She married Samuel Adams, March 7th, 1728, and was the mother of the Hon. Andrew Adams, Chief Justice of Connecticut. She died at the age of 106 years in Litchfield, Conn.

DICKENSON.

(Through Mercy Dickenson who married Nathaniel Adams of Ipswich, before 1700.)

PECK.

(Through Abigail Peck who married Samuel Canfield.)

LOOMIS.

(Through Mary Loomis who married John Buel. 17——).

GRISWOLD.

(Through Eunice Griswold who married Solomon Buel 17——)

HYDE.

(Through Alice Hyde who married Henry Tomlinson 16—)

BOWERS.

(Through Sarah Bowers who married Agur Tomlinson 17—)

GLOVER.

(Through Bethia Glover who married Joseph Tomlinson in 17—)

HAWLEY.

(Through Elizabeth Hawley who married Richard Booth and Dorothy Hawley who married John Booth, 16—— 17——)

We will leave Mother's ancestors, and take up Father's line.

AYMAR CHILD FESSENDEN.

From photo 1901.

Dayton.

The family of Deighton, Dyghton, or Deyson, (as it is variously spelled,) took its name from the hamlet or village of Deighton in the parish of Deighton, in the east riding of Yorkshire, England, and is about four and a half miles south, south east from the city of York.

The Deightons appear to have been for generations tenants of a farm, on the Manor of Deighton, which was held by the Abbott of St. Mary's York, he being Lord of the Manor.

(1) Robert de Deighton.
(2) Robert de Deighton.
(3) John de Deighton.
(4) Robert de Deighton.
(5) John de Deighton.
(6) William de Deighton.
(7) William de Deighton.
(8) John de Deighton.
(9) Henry de Deighton.
(10) Robert Deighton.
(11) William Deighton.
(12) Ralph Deighton or Danton or Dayton (as it is variously spelled.)
(13) Robert Dayton.

(14) Samuel Dayton.
(15) Isaac Dayton.
(16) Brewster Dayton, Jr.
(17) Charles Willoughby Dayton.
(18) Abram Child Dayton.
(19) Charles Willoughby Dayton.
Laura Canfield Spencer Dayton Fessenden.
William Adams Dayton.
Harold Child Dayton.
(20) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.
Aymar Child Fessenden.
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton.
John Newman Dayton.
Alice Griswold Hyde Fessenden.
Laura Adams Dayton.
William Adams Dayton, Jr.
Ben Hurd Fessenden.
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden.
Haydon Child Dayton.

(1)

ROBERT de DEIGHTON.

ROBERT de DEIGHTON was admitted a freeman in 1305 and he was a Yeoman. I have made it my pleasure, to look up old English words, and their absolute meanings, at stated periods. In 1300 a Yeoman "implied, a gentleman of small estate who beside being a freeholder, was an officer in the Militia of his section of the country, hence the expression "an officer of the guard". Robert de Deighton had four sons and their names were Robert, William, Nicholas and John.

(2)

ROBERT de DEIGHTON.

Robert de Deighton was admitted a freeman in 1329. His occupation is given as "pistor." Sir Edmund Sandus says "A Pistor is one who maketh small fire arms or little pistols." The sons of Robert were John, Walter, Galpudis, and William.

(3)

JOHN de DEIGHTON.

John de Deighton was admitted a freeman in 1349, his occupation is set down as "Tailler" and my first inclination was to pass over the fact without comment but Cowell says, that "a Tailler was not a fashioner of garments" but "a collector of tolls or taxes." John had William and Robert.

(4)

ROBERT de DEIGHTON.

Robert de Deighton was admitted a freeman in 1372. He was a Sauce-maker and he had two sons Willard and John.

(5)

JOHN de DEIGHTON.

John de Deighton was admitted a freeman, in 1389. He was by occupation a Marshal, Shakespeare says that a "Marshal, was an officer standing highest in arms". Dryden "the officer who regulates combats in the lists". Spencer "an officer who regulates rank and order at a feast." John de Deighton married Isabel

a daughter of *John de Duffield,* a silk merchant of York. The sons of John de Deighton, were Golen, William and John.

(6)

WILLIAM de DEIGHTON.

William de Deighton was admitted a freeman in 1419, he was a wine merchant and he married Joan *de Morton* of York. She was a daughter of Robert de Morton a merchant. Joan had a brother Thomas de Morton, who was the "Residentiary of York". In his will this reverend gentleman left to his Nephew William de Deighton, son of his sister Joan, two separate legacies. William de Deighton (6) died September 14th, 1456, and was buried beside his wife Joan, "on the south side of York Minister". Drake's history of York, shows that William died a rich man. He had one son William de Deighton.

(7)

WILLIAM de DEIGHTON.

William de Deighton was a Brewer. He was admitted a freeman in 1452. He had John.

(8)

JOHN de DEIGHTON.

John de Deighton was admitted a freeman in 1481, he had Henry.

(9)
HENRY de DEIGHTON.

HENRY de DEIGHTON was admitted a freeman in 1504. By occupation he was a "dyer". In 1522, he was made City Chamberlain of York. This was the officer to whom all the city revenues were paid. He was elected Sheriff 1524-5, Alderman 1525 to 1551. The position of Alderman at that time, was to all intents and purposes (says Bacon) "that of a senitor or governor". Henry de Deighton was made *Lord Mayor* of York in 1531. He was twice married and we are descended from the son of the second wife *Alice,* who at the time of her marriage to Henry de Deighton was the widow of Robert Petty an Alderman. Henry de Deighton died in September 1540, and in his will he directed that "he should be buried, in All Saints, on North State Street." He had Robert.

(10)
ROBERT DEIGHTON.

ROBERT DEIGHTON was the first of his line to drop the Norman *de* and become Deighton. He was born in 1525, was made a freeman in 1557. In 1550 he married Elizabeth *Copeleyand* a daughter of John Copeleyand, and Margaret Copeleyand his wife, who was a daughter of Sir John S. Stapleton, of Wighill, York. Robert Deighton had William.

(11)
WILLIAM DEIGHTON.

WILLIAM DEIGHTON was born in York in 1551. He seems to have been the first one in this line to leave

the home of his ancestors. Perhaps he was not pleased with his mother's second marriage, for shortly after Robert Deighton's death, his widow married Sir Francis Ayscrough. At all events William left York, and went to London, settling in St. Martin's in the Fields. He married on August 9th, 1584, Agnes a daughter of Ralph Green and Johannah *Reed,* his wife. William had four sons William, Thomas, Ralph and Nicholas.

(12)
RALPH DAYTON.

Ralph Dayton was born in St. Martin's in the Field, London in 1598. About 1629 he married Agnes a daughter of Henry Pool of St. Martin's London. In 1636, Ralph imigrated to Boston, with his two little sons and with him came his brothers, Thomas and Nicholas. Ralph Dayton at this time was a widower. In 1639, he removed from Boston to New Haven. It is recorded in Lambeth's history of Connecticut, that "Goodman Danton has a seat in the fifth row on the other side of the door of the church. Mr. Whittemore in his book, Heroes of the Revolution, brings Ralph Dayton from Bedfordshire to Boston while I *insist* that he came from *London.* Ralph Dayton was one of the original settlers of New Haven. In 1648 his two sons Robert and Samuel removed to South Hampton, Long Island. In the following year Dorothy Brewster, Ralph Dayton's second wife, died in childbirth leaving an infant son who was called Brewster Dayton. In 1649 Ralph Dayton left New Haven and went to South Hampton. Later he became one of the founders of East Hampton. In the court records of East Hampton

it shows that on March 7th, 1650, "it is ordered that Ralph Dayton is to go to *Keniticut* for to procure the evidence of our lands, and for a boddie of our laws." Ralph Dayton married a third wife in June, 1656, Mary the widow of James Haynes. He died in the year following. He had four sons and Robert is our ancestor.

(13)
ROBERT DAYTON.

Robert Dayton was born in London in 1630. In 1652 he married Elizabeth Woodruff, a daughter of John Woodruff, of South Hampton, Long Island. Robert Dayton died October 16th, 1712, aged 84 years. His son Samuel is our Ancestor.

(14)
SAMUEL DAYTON.

Samuel Dayton was born in 1653. He owned large tracts of land in various parts of Long Island and in Connecticut. His wife's name was Wilhelmina——— He had five sons and his youngest son Isaac was our ancestor.

(15)
ISAAC DAYTON.

Isaac Dayton was born in 1698. He left Long Island, and settled in Connecticut where he married Sarah Brewster, a daughter of Daniel *Brewster,* of Brookhaven Connecticut. Their son Brewster Dayton Jr., is our ancestor.

(16)
BREWSTER DAYTON.

BREWSTER DAYTON was born in his grandfather's home on Long Island, and spent much of his boyhood there but he went to Connecticut to live in 1755, making Stratford his home. He married Ruth Judson of Stratford in 1777. He was a member of the Coast guard in 1778 and a private in Colonel Enos' regiment (and Captain Yeates company) and during his service in the continental army he was stationed on the Hudson river. The death of his wife Ruth Judson made it necessary for Brewster Dayton to return home at the expiration of his term of enlistment and on the twenty-fifth of December, 1789, Brewster Dayton married Elizabeth Willoughby of England. There are always two sides to every story, and this Willoughby narration does not prove the *exception* so while I *say* England, another authority says Stratford. Now from babyhood, I have believed the story that I am about to set down, my father told it to me and he had the same version from those who were living at the time when what I am about to relate transpired. But it shall be given in the mention of our Grandfather. Brewster Dayton had two children by his wife Elizabeth Willoughby, Elizabeth (or Pollie) and Charles Willoughby. The mother died at the time of the latter's birth. Afterwards Brewster Dayton married Pollie Gary.

(17)
CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON.

CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON son of Brewster Dayton and Elizabeth Willoughby, was born in Strat-

CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON.

From a miniature about 1822.

ford, Connecticut in 1795. Soon after his birth he and his sister Pollie were taken from their father's house, and into the homes of two prominent members of the little community. The girl into a lawyer's family, the boy into the house of the Reverend Nathan Birdsey of Roanoke. This arrangement must have met with Brewster Dayton's approval, and it was said, to have been done in compliance, with the wishes of his late wife's *English* relatives; because he was evidently a well to do farmer, and a man held in high respect by his associates. I have no absolute knowledge of what became of the girl, my father used to say that he believed that she went back to England and finally married an army officer. Our grandfather Charles Willoughby Dayton spent his entire childhood and boyhood with Doctor Birdsey. When he was prepared for Yale he expressed a preference for a business career and was furnished with money to establish himself as an Importer in New York City.

At 19 he married Jane Raveau Child, a daughter of Abram Child and Francis Moffitt Child of New York City. He spent much time in England, and there is a legend that he made an effort to secure a patrimony from the Willoughby D'Ersby estate. We have no data as to the result other than family tradition, that under the law of primogeniture, he was not allowed to succeed. His business ability however enabled him to amass a handsome competence. His residence was on Washington Square, (then the aristocratic section of the city) and there he entertained President Van Buren, Captain Maryatt, and many other distinguished people. His stable and equipages, were a feature in the fashionable life of that period, and his appearance on

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horseback (often accompanied by his son Abram) attracted admiration. He was unusually handsome, understood the art of "costly habit, not expressed in fancy". He had a perfect English complexion, dark blue eyes, brown, curly hair, a beautiful mouth and perfect teeth.

His wife (Jane Child Dayton) died early in their married life and grandfather remained a widower the balance of his days although "Lord Willoughby" (as he was called in old New York,) was courted by many ambitious mammas. We two older children remember grandfather perfectly and delightfully too, for he brought us beautiful toys from Europe and often sent us bunches of bananas, and hampers of oranges. He had Christmas stockings expressly manufactured for us in Birmingham and he had a pleasant way of giving us twenty dollar gold pieces on our birthdays. Our grandfather courted the Muse, probably more frequently than we know, at least one of his efforts appeared in print (no doubt anonymously). Our father had committed it to memory and often recited the following to us children.

A Chamber Scene.

"She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair;
And in a tone as low and sweet
As love's first whisper—breathed a prayer.
Her snow white hands together pressed
Her blue eye sheltered in its lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
While from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and slender foot:

Whose fall upon the earth did press,
  Like a snow flake white and mute—
Thus from her slumbers soft and warm,
  As a young spirit fresh from Heaven,
She bowed her slight and graceful form,
  And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
Oh God! if souls unsoiled as these
  Need daily mercy from thy throne,
If she upon her bended knees,
  Our loveliest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright
  We deemed her some stray child of light,
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
  Day after day in her first years
Must kneel, and pray for grace from Thee,
  What *far, far* deeper need, have we?
How hardly if *she* win not Heaven,
  Will our wild errors be forgiven."

One who is an able critic says of this poem "It is a pretty *conceit,* and quite in touch with the sentimentalities of that time," (probably 1837).

I have also some lines that grandfather Dayton wrote for our mother's album upon her wedding day.

"The spotless album of thy maiden years
  Is closed forever, all its hopes and fears
Are merged in the new volume of thy life
  The blissful annals of a happy wife;
This book is open, every page is white,
  Inscribed to hope in characters of light.
But guard it fair one with the strictest care
  Angels alone should leave their impress there.
Good nature, friendship, sympathy and love,
  With all the moral blessings they approve
Let them enrich its pages with their lays
  But not a note of flattery's heartless praise.
So shall thy mental loving album be
  Like this which friendship dedicates to thee.

Without a blot of passion or of grief,
To mar the beauty of a single leaf;
Unstained by error, envy, pride or strife,
And Heaven will smile upon the book of life."

Here is a letter that Grandfather wrote to our father when he (father) was a schoolboy in Germany.

London, December 25th, 1834.

My dear Son:

I received your letter by course of mail, and was highly gratified at its contents. There is nothing but what I shall most cheerfully grant you for the promotion of your education and happiness, providing your course of conduct is that of elevated propriety and industry, which, is the only manner, by which we can hope to attain, moral and mental success. As you are now withdrawn from my personal observation, and example, I would commend you to be careful, in the observance and fulfillment of all the duties that may be required by your present instructors and guardians. I have great reason to believe that they will do all in their power to make your way that of pleasantness and your paths those of peace. Then I would say with this favorable opportunity go on, and when in the years to come you return to your native country, you will be able to give practical evidence that you have been in the pursuit of knowledge. I shall leave here for Liverpool to-morrow evening and embark on the United States for New York, on the second of January. The vessel has been delayed in starting because of an accident she met with on the eighth, when attempting to go to sea. I shall be pleased to hear from you often.

ABRAM CHILD DAYTON.

From a miniature about 1835.

Give my kind respects to the Doctor, and tell him that I hope we shall both be gratified, in the spring, by a personal acquaintance, as it is then my intention to visit Germany.

For the present a short farewell,
Your father CHARLES W. DAYTON.

This letter is addressed to

Abram C. Dayton, care of Doctor Serriur,
Losnitz Grund near Dresden,
Germany.

There were many of these letters, but our mother in the last years of her life forgot their value to the present, and future and destroyed most of them.

When our grandfather died suddenly January 30th, 1861, (in seemingly perfect health.) he was still comparatively a young man.

Our Father, ABRAM CHILD DAYTON.

Father was born in Dey street, New York city, on the 2nd of March, 1818. He told me that it was a stormy day; but that through the snow drifts, and the bitter cold, his maternal grandfather and grandmother, his aunts and his uncles plodded joyfully to see "Jane's new baby." He was baptized in the Middle Dutch church. At seven he was sent to the boarding school of Monsieur Coudert, one of Napoleon's staff officers. This school was located somewhere near the old Tombs building. Among his schoolmates I have heard father mention the late Reverend Robert Howland, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and "Teuton," afterwards the Confederate General Beauregard.

A few years after this father was taken to Europe and placed at a then famous school on the outskirts of Dresden. I used to love dearly to have father tell me about this time in his life when I was a little girl. He said that although he was eleven years old, he was so slight and small that he looked much younger. He was sent from London to Dresden "as a valuable express package." It was a dreary journey for the little fellow, both by sea and land; but his first night at a German wayside inn was the most awful. The guard, upon the arrival of the diligence at this particular spot in the journey, consigned the child to the care of mine host, who took his hand and led him into a long room full of tables where he was given a mug of beer and some slices of coarse bread, then he was taken up stairs, by a pretty house-maid, who kindly helped him to unfasten his clothes (because his fingers were so blue and stiff with cold). Her kindness made his poor lonely little heart all the heavier, and when he finally got in between the feather beds, he sobbed himself to sleep, only to awaken with the feeling that he was being smothered to death, but he did not dare to move, because there were now men in the room, who were whispering to each other in an unknown tongue, and he thought they might be highwaymen, come to do him some blood curdling mischief! So he lay gasping and shaking with terror until dawn, when the maid came back and helped him to get ready to go on his journey. He said that the morning after he had arrived at the school, the head master (in the name of the scholars) presented him with a long pipe! There was no end of interest and curiosity in Dresden when it was noised about that "an American boy had arrived at

the school;" but their disgust was great when they saw him. "Pshaw," they said, "he is no American! He wears neither blanket nor feathers. He is only an English boy!" There were a few English boys in the school, but they were in the higher forms, so father found his friends among the French and German lads of his own age. His dearest friend was an old soldier, who, because of his scars and medals, had been given the guardianship of the city bridge. In a tiny (round) tower, at the bridge's edge, this old guard sat all day long. He wore a smock frock, a night cap, sat in his stocking feet and had big round ear rings in his ears. Thus attired, he busily applied a set of knitting needles; but whenever he chanced to spy through the small window, the great barouche, and the white horses of the King of Saxony crawling along in the distance, he took off his frock, and put on all his soldier garments, shouldered his musket and stood *attention,* until Royalty had crossed over and passed out of sight. This old soldier had wonderful tales to tell his American friend (the little stranger lad, with grave sweet blue eyes and golden brown curly head, who sat on a stool beside his knee) of battle and victory, of brave fighting and braver dying for the Father-land, and to his life's close, our father always cherished in tender remembrance this *leaf* from his past. I have a letter that was written to father while he was at school at Lutznitz Grund.

"Dear Dayton.

Saunders has left school, and has gone to live with his grandfather near Washington. Bostwick has left off going to fires and has joined a boat club, for big

boys and young men to belong to. There are two of these clubs, named the White Hallers and the Jersey Blues. They had a boat race, in which (much to the mortification of us Gothamites) the Jersey Blues were victorious. They used two oar boats, and the race was contested not on the rough shore of the Bay, or near the Battery, but on the Jersey shore! and lots of the time the Jersey Blues used paddles! and not oars! I send you a card from St. Feliece. Santo has gone to Portirico. George Porter has left school to study law. Write me often, tell me about your studies, and how you spend your days and what games you have. Jules and I are room-mates and we are allowed to have a light every night, as long as we choose, and we sit up and read novels. Have you any cronies?

Good-bye dear Dayton.

Believe me to be yours till death,

BOB W. HOWLAND.

Care G. G. Howland, New York City, U. S. A."

While father was in Germany, his father used to come over from America every spring and take his son to England, or to France. Father often visited relatives in Kent. When he was in London or Paris, he had rather a lonely time of it, as his father left him to amuse himself as best he could while he (grandfather) was at his clubs. One year at Paris when he and his father were stopping at the Grand Hotel, father wandred down into the kitchens and the Chef, being a kindly culinary magnate, offered to teach the "American young gentleman" how to dress salads and to carve. In connection with this father used to tell a funny story. He said that when he came back to live in New York,

Jas Jones
Adm C Taylor

FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT BY NUMS, 1858

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and had established himself in a suite of bachelor apartments at the City Hotel, he asked that the dinner hour be changed from noon to three o'clock (the then fashionable dinner hour abroad), and it was readily agreed to. At father's table were several rich old widowers and a number of prominent old bachelors. One day, making more dressing for himself than he needed, father directed a servant to offer it to the others at the table, and forever after this the group in question made it apparent, that they considered it father's *duty* to repeat the courtesy. When father had finished at Dresden, he went to Berlin and took special studies but before leaving he gave to the Museum at Dresden, a complete set of American coins and he also gave his love's youngest dream, to the daughter of Herr Professor. When I was a little girl a letter came to father from Germany. It was from a lady who asked the return to her of a miniature. Of course father complied, and then there came back to him a miniature of himself which is reproduced in this book. From Berlin father went to Paris where he lived for four years taking a complete medical course, simply for love of it, and without any thought of making it a profession. I recall his relating to me all the details of his Court presentation and I used to think what a charming picture he must have made in his "white satin knee breeches, his coat all embroidered in gold bullion, his powdered hair, pink satin vest, white silk stockings and tight shoes." He used to say "*damned tight* shoes" in describing them, and perhaps that is the reason why I, as a child, always supposed that they were a bright *red* color. When father came back to New York, the principal tailors and hatters called upon him, and begged permission to see his

wardrobe. I have heard mother say that he brought home fifty-three colored waistcoats. I have three of them now, one is of cloth of silver, another is white satin with embroidered leaves and blossoms, and a third is embroidered velvet. Among father's belongings at this time was a dressing gown, smoking cap and slippers made from the bed curtains of Marie Antoinette. I have the cap and slippers still. One great coat I have been told, was a green broad cloth, lined with quilted white satin, each quilt being finished with a little silken bow and tassel. In his book, "The last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York," edited by my eldest brother, dedicated to your grandma and published by Geo. P. Putnam's Sons "Knickerbocker Press" in 1896, father gives a perfect description of the life of this new city in his youth and early manhood.

Of father himself it is hard to speak, because it is impossible to find words with which to convey the charm of manner, the graciousness, and the mental brilliancy of his makeup. He knew Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian and German. He had read much, and with keen and clever appreciation. He had a wonderful memory stored full of the best and noblest thoughts of the world. He was a fine horseman, a graceful dancer, a witty and charming conversationalist. He had not to my knowledge a single enemy. Dogs made friends with him at once, and children nestled close to him and loved him; and, I do not believe that in his whole life of fifty-nine years, he ever said a discourteous thing to a woman. What he did lack was an ability to battle for existence and this was no fault of his, since during his youth and early manhood there was no need for busi-

ness effort. When the hard time did come, he made no moan, and to the best of his ability met adverse fate and tried to conquer it. For several years he engaged in literary work, was editor of "Porter's Spirit of the Times," and subsequently was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. At no time was he a laggard. Never did he fail to keep every engagement. When he died he "owed no man anything." What he lacked was that dominant force which impels and compels financial success—that material money getting power —that thrift, which saves while pleasure waits, or is denied. Such qualities as those however would "have chilled the genial current of his soul." They were not born in him, nor would he, nor could he, cultivate them. His memory is dearer and lovelier for the lack of them. No one ever heard him complain that "the way was rough." No one ever heard him express a wish "for a return of the past;" and when it came to be, that the time for the answering to his name drew close at hand, his nearest and dearest felt as never before, all the beauty of his soul and mind. In those last days,—in the going out of a certain summer time,—the *many* young people in his family circle seemed to be drawn nearer and nearer to him, his room was the gathering place, his invalid chair the centre from which brightness and happiness evolved. On the day he died, a friend (the daughter of one of his old Light Guard Comrades) brought to him from her father's cellar, one of the remaining bottles of Madeira that had been hidden away from the light for a hundred and odd years. Father was greatly pleased with the attention, and when the guest made her adieu, he insisted on rising from his chair (feeble and wan though he

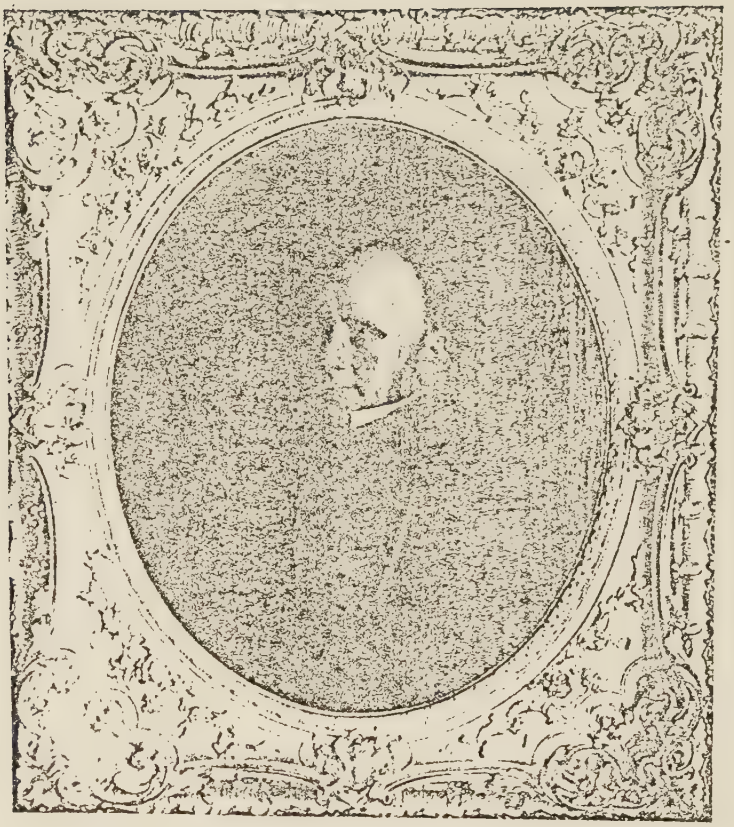
was) and taking her upon his arm to the door of his room, there he paused, lifted her hand to his lips and said softly "Good-bye." Amid her tears, this friend said to a member of the household, "He takes with him the last days of Knickerbocker life. He is one of the last gentlemen of the old school."

In the early part of 1866 father went to Atchison, Kansas, on an important business mission. Here is a letter he wrote from there to his oldest son Charles Willoughby Dayton.

Atchison, Kansas,
March 30th, 1866.

Dear Charlie.

I was glad to receive your letter and should have replied, but, that I write your mother all the news I have to communicate, and it would have been mere repetition. As regards your change of location, I can only say look before you leap, as a step in the wrong direction now, might be one which would cause regret for many a long day. Having made many mistakes myself, makes me perhaps over-anxious to have you avoid similar pitfalls. Stick to one thing, and let well enough alone, are old fashioned rules; but still safe rules to go by. I am glad that Davey Tomlinson is gaining ground, and that he was so successful in the intercollegiate contest at Wallack's. Congratulate him for me. Your kind attentions to your mother during my absence are deeply appreciated and will be repaid in sure, but perhaps mysterious ways. I am pleased that you enjoy the society of virtuous women, it is not only a safe guard, but one of the best schools of refinement and manly dignity in which a young man can be reared. I do not think that the west would



ABRAM C. DAYTON.

From a portrait about 1848.

suit you at present and for this reason, you have many friends in New York, who are influential, and if you study to keep the favor already gained, it will supply the place of capital. While out here you would lack both.

Write often.

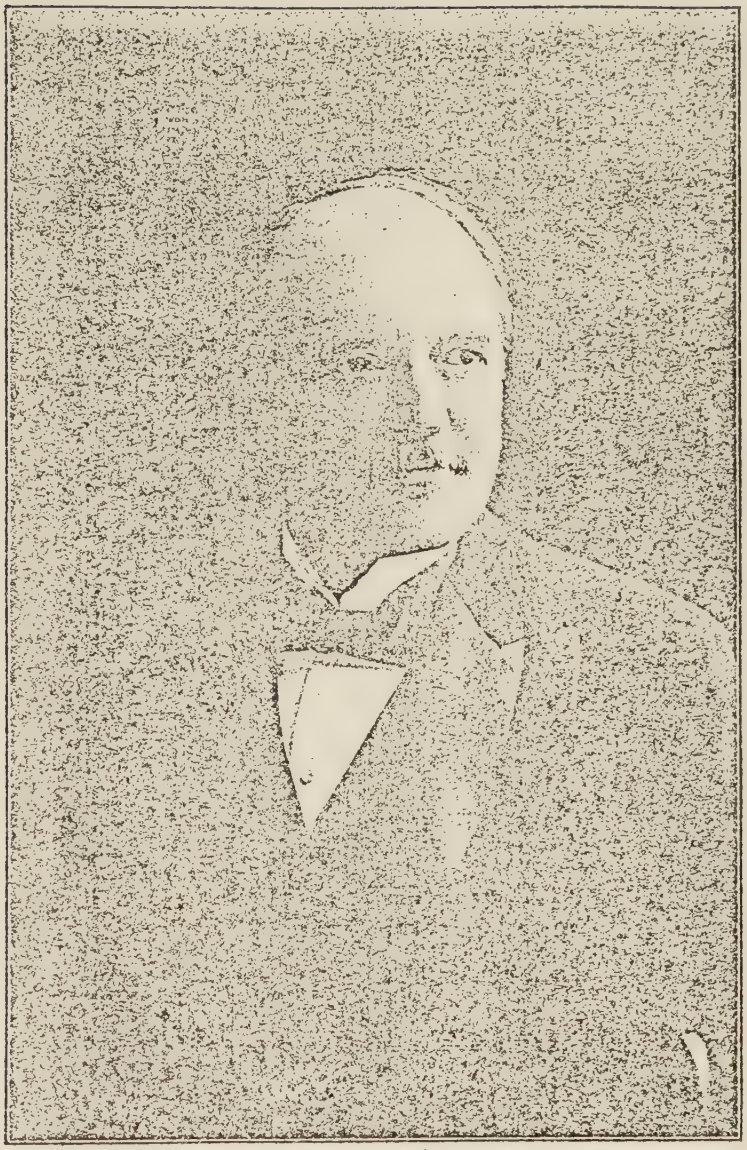
Yours affectionately,

ABRAM C. DAYTON."

Father died suddenly August 3rd, 1877, and is buried beside his father in Greenwood cemetery, Long Island.

CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON.

CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON was born in the old city of Brooklyn, now a part of Greater New York, October 3rd, 1846, but has lived all his life on Manhattan Island. He received his education in the Public Schools and entered the college in the city of New York in 1861. Before completing his college course, he entered a law office and Columbia Law school graduating in 1868; since which time he has pursued the practice of his profession. He early took an active interest in politics and has always been a member of the Democratic party. He supported the candidacy of General George B. McClellan, in 1864. In 1861, our family moved to Harlem, a section of the city where my brother has ever since resided. In 1874 he married Miss Laura A. Newman, only daughter of the late John B. Newman, M. D., and Rebecca Sanford. They have three living children. My brother's residence is No. 13 Mt. Morris Park (west). He organized and is counsel for the Twelfth Ward Bank and the Empire City Savings Bank. He is director in the Seventh National Bank, The United States Life Insurance Company and the Fort Lee Ferry Company. He has served as trustee of the Church of the Puritans and of the Harlem Library. He is a member of the Down Town association, the Democratic club, Sagamore, Harlem Democratic, Players, and Harlem clubs.



CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON.

From photo, 1901.

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is one of the governors of the Manhattan club, a member of the New England society, the New York Historical society, the Sons of the Revolution and of F. and A. M. He is also a member of the New York city Bar association, and one of the Vice Presidents of the New York State Bar association.

In 1881 he was elected to the Legislature and served on the Judiciary committee and was an advocate of Municipal reform, and of the primary Election Laws of that year. In 1882 he organized the Harlem Democratic club and also became Secretary of the Citizens' Reform movement. He has served as delegate to several Democratic conventions and in 1884 he was one of the Presidential electors and Secretary of the College which cast the vote of the state for Grover Cleveland and Hendricks. In 1892 he was President of the Board for the improvement of Park Avenue. In 1893 he was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York. On June the 5th, 1893, he was appointed postmaster at the city of New York by President Cleveland—the first democrat since John A. Dix (1860) to hold office. President Cleveland's appointment of my brother as Postmaster, was received by the Press everywhere, with unusual favor and commendation. This extract, taken from the Elmira (New York) Gazette of June 6th, 1893, expresses the general comment made.

"The appointee is a man of personal, professional and political standing. It is clearly an appointment of Cleveland's own making. Dayton was not an applicant and was not mentioned as a possibility. The character and ability of the appointee cannot be questioned. It

is a case of office lighting on an unsuspecting, and not at all anxious man. One significance which may be drawn is, the President is bound to impress men of character and ability into the service of the Government, even though they have not applied for the place."

The Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican,—an opposition paper—said:

"President Cleveland seems to have made a hit in his appointment of Charles W. Dayton as Postmaster."

These are but the echoes of the majority of American Journalism in commenting upon the appointment, and the consensus of public opinion may be summed up in the following lines, copied from a representative New York city paper:

"By his business like methods, coupled with his high character and intellectual attainments, Mr. Dayton has proved the wisdom of the President, in selecting him to supervise and direct the Postal system of New York city, and he justly deserves the name of a model Postmaster."

But the best tribute came to my brother through and by the affection felt for him by all Postal employees, not in New York alone, but throughout the United States.

It was near the close of his term of office that our mother died, and upon the appearance of the notice of her death, from all over the country, came telegraphed messages of sympathy, but most touching, were the flowers, ordered from New York florists by the Postmen and Postal Clerks from New York to the

Pacific Coast, east, north, south and west, had a fragrant word of sympathy for the sorrow of the Postal employe's friend. While in office he applied himself to bringing about a revitalization of the service. With this purpose, in 1894, he went to England and was received by the leading officials of the Postal service there, investigated the Postal system *thoroughly* and made public the results obtained. He requested of the Department at Washington, a more liberal and generous recognition of the New York Post office, and he succeeded in securing marked improvements in the Federal Building which greatly added to the health and comfort of the hundreds of employees and he lightened their burdens by enforcing complete system, and shorter hours of duty.

When he resigned in 1897 and a new administration had placed a Republican Postmaster at New York, the fifteen hundred city letter carriers honored their ex-Postmaster with a banquet at the Grand Central Palace, and I take the following description of this reception, from an account given of it, in one of the New York papers:

"The regard which Charles W. Dayton, in his term of Postmaster in this city, has succeeded in winning from the rank and file of the service, (irrespective of political affiliations) was demonstrated when fifteen hundred letter carriers entertained him at a dinner at the Grand Central Palace. In point of numbers this dinner was the largest that has ever taken place in this city. Mr. Delancy Nicol (ex-District Attorney) said 'I do not believe that there ever has been such a banquet.' The toast master of the occasion was Charles

A. Tyler, the oldest letter carrier in the United States, who now carries the mail between the Produce Exchange and Gevernor's Island. John N. Parsons, President of the New York Letter Carriers, and the National Association of Letter Carriers presented to Mr. Dayton an Album, handsomely bound, in which were engrossed the following Resolutions, and signed by one thousand five hundred letter carriers.

Whereas, We have learned with extreme regret of the severance of the official relation that for the past four years, have existed between Charles W. Dayton, Postmaster, and the letter carriers of the City of New York, and

Whereas, We have recognized in these harmonious relations, his cordial co-operation, with the Letter Carriers in the aims and objects of their organization, his ever ready sympathy with them, in their arduous labors, and the marked impartiality with which he has administered the affairs of his important office. These are the qualities which have always commanded our loyal support, and endeared him closely to our affections.

Therefore be it resolved, That we, the Letter Carriers of New York city, in congress assembled take this means of testifying, our affectionate regard for one, who at the close of his official term as Postmaster of this great city, leaves behind him an unsullied record of magnificent administrative ability, of correct enforcements, of strict discipline, of humane and thoughtful consideration of the Letter Carriers under his jurisdiction.

Resolved that we earnestly express the hope, that his future career may be marked with that prosperity

and success he so well deserves, and we all assure him, that the harmonious relations which have always existed between us, will be among our most pleasant recollections; and although officially separated, nothing can separate our loyal esteem for one who has furnished a complete exemplification of a model Postmaster, and one who has contributed his share, toward making the New York Post Office , what it ought to be, the best managed Post Office in the civilized world.

Resolved that a copy of these Resolutions suitably engrossed, be presented to our retiring Postmaster."

President Parsons in making his speech, said:

"I am reminded that we are here to-night, to honor the man who took up the work and extended it to the point of perfection, that it occupies to-day. Endowed, as he is, with a high order of executive ability, clothed with all the attributes of a gentleman and gifted by the training of his profession, his confidence in his fellowmen, was the secret of his success. We are here to bear testimony of a man who can discharge a high public trust, while considering the happiness and comfort of those upon whose shoulders the burden of that trust has been borne and whose solicitation for the humblest in his charge, has been of as much concern as the welfare of the greater problems that usually absorb the consideration and time of men burdened with the cares of official life. We wish to honor the man who considered his official time well spent, when it was given in council to the *lowliest*, to such a man all honor is due, and while our meeting here to-night, is limited to those who wear the Letter Carriers' uni-

form, we know that in *spirit* we have with us the large army of struggling toilers, who join their voices with us in saying to our guest, "You are a credit to your Country and upon such men as you alone will depend the success of our American Government."

In the Post Office building in New York City, on the wall of the office of the Postmaster (which is at the south end of the building) is a bronze life-sized bust of Postmaster Dayton, the cost of which was defrayed by subscriptions of postal employees not exceeding fifty cents each. A bronze tablet set into the ledge has this inscription:

"Charles Willoughby Dayton, Postmaster at N. Y.
Appointed by President Cleveland June 3rd, 1893.
Erected February 1897, by the employees of the New York Post Office who desire to perpetuate Mr. Dayton's record of efficiency, discipline, justice and kindness."

This letter from Mr. Cleveland should be regarded as a family treasure.

"Westland, Princeton, New Jersey,
May 24th, 1897.

"Hon. Charles W. Dayton.

My Dear Sir.

In reply to your letter written upon your retirement from the Postmastership of the city of New York, and expressing your appreciation of the honor conferred by your appointment, I beg to assure you, that the faithful and efficient service you have rendered the Government and your fellow citizens during your term of office, entitles you to an acknowledgement of my personal obligation for the credit thus reflected upon

the appointing power. Hoping that prosperity and contentment await you in all your future undertakings, I am

Very truly yours,
GROVER CLEVELAND."

The name of "ex-Postmaster Dayton," was prominently before the people of New York as one of the candidates of the *Democratic party* for the *first Mayor of Greater New York* in the Fall of 1897.

No higher tribute could be paid to a man than that of St. Clair McKelway, the distinguished scholar and Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. In an editorial in that newspaper in its issue of August 16, 1897, he said:

"The Sun this morning makes the announcement that Charles W. Dayton has been agreed upon as the Democratic candidate for mayor of the Greater New York. * * * * Few men have a better understanding of the principles of government on which consolidation is based and of how the interests of the different localities should be provided for without exposing the City, on the one hand, to grave financial danger by reason of extravagant appropriations, and without depriving those localities, on the other, of the advantages which are to be reasonably expected from the consolidation experiment. All this is aside from his administration of the Post Office in New York City. Mr. Dayton has made the best postmaster New York ever had and it has had among its postmasters John A. Dix, Thomas L. James and Henry G. Pearson. The statement that he has made the best postmaster, without exception, must be taken deliberately and when put against the character of the administrations sup-

plied by the men we have named must be seen to carry with it the highest measure of praise. It was an administration conspicuously notable for its adherence to civil service reform, for its protection of deserving employees against the rapacity of the spoilsmen and first and foremost, for its determination to supply the people with the best and quickest service. Not one of these things was neglected by him. * * *.

Mr. Dayton has been frequently spoken of for judge of the Supreme Court, which shows the estimate of his legal abilities entertained by the bench and the bar, and he has repeatedly omitted to press his claims, because older men were in front of him on the bench and because he indorsed the proposition that competent judges ought, as a rule, to be retained in their places. His character, his capacity, his intellectual independence are equal to the same qualities in Seth Low. His knowledge of public affairs is also equal to that of Mr. Low, while his familiarity with administration and local affairs is superior to that of the Columbia College president. No man who calls himself a democrat would hesitate for a moment to vote for Mr. Dayton. No man who calls himself a Democratic leader would think for a moment of trying to bend or control him. Should such a thing be tried it would be found that Mr. Dayton is himself a leader and that he can meet with leaders and treat with leaders on equal terms of dignity and advantage.

The suggestion of his name for the mayoralty reflects a desire to lift the whole party upward and carry it forward to the achievement of excellent purposes as a factor in government. Mr. Dayton believes that the most successful way to make his party strong

is to make creditable the administration for which it is responsible, and should he be nominated and elected, there is not the slightest doubt that he would bend all his energies to this end."

It will be interesting to you (our future kinsmen and kinswomen), to know something of the one man power, that was then assumed and submitted to, and as this book is intended for *purely private circulation* one may discuss in one's own drawing room, much that would be inadmissible, if written for the public. So in order that the children's children's children *may know,* I want to show my brother's standing in New York, by quoting from a few of the daily papers of his home city immediately after the Democratic convention was held.

"Now that the Democratic convention is a thing of the past, it may prove interesting to our readers, to learn how the name of ex-Postmaster Dayton was received."

Tribune (Republican).

"The first name was Robert Van Wyck, it was followed by moderate applause, intermingled with hisses. At the name of Hugh J. Grant a cheer went up solid and prolonged; but when Mr. McGoldrick brought out Charles W. Dayton's name, a tremendous shout followed that fairly shook the building and it was taken up and repeated again and again. Dayton was unquestionably the popular favorite."

Press (Republican).

"When Dayton's name, which was the last on the list, was reached, the first genuine spontaneous outburst of the evening swept through the hall. From gallery

to gallery his name was called, until this and the repeated cheers, made the Leaders anxious."

Journal (Democratic).

Small applause greeted the leaders in the list, but at the mention of C. W. Dayton the crowd exhibited the first real enthusiasm of the evening. Cheer after cheer went up for him and the outburst lasted for seventy seconds. The cry of "Dayton, give us Dayton!" went up again and again, and the contingent in the delegation shifted uneasily in their chairs."

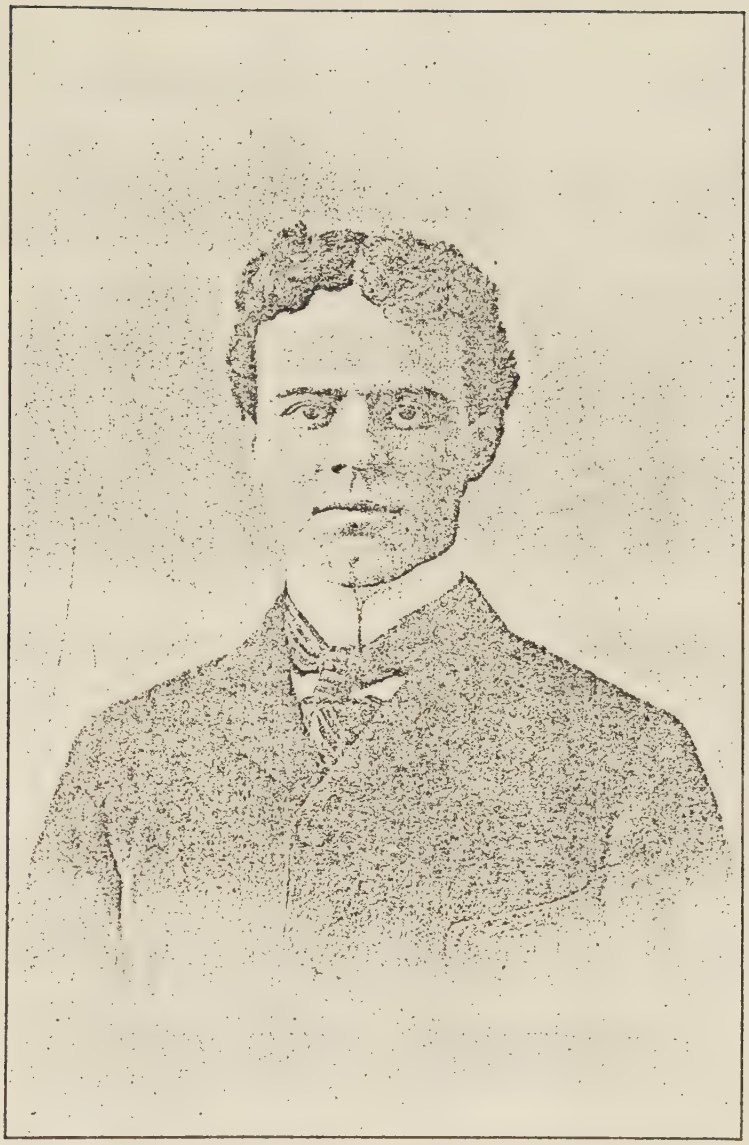
The Sun (Democratic).

"The names were pre-arranged by the Secretary of the convention, so that ex-Postmaster Dayton's name should come last, then there was a tremendous cheer in which a great many of the Brooklyn delegates took part."

The Times (Democratic).

"When the name of Charles W. Dayton was reached, the audience broke into a tremendous roar of cheers. The Secretary could not continue his reading. The Chairman rapped in vain for order. This cheering was the first spontaneous outburst on the part of the audience during the evening, and it startled those who feared it might be a stampede for Dayton."

In commenting upon this matter, another leading paper said, "The wave of enthusiasm for Mr. Dayton, which kept Mr. Dayton's name before the convention for a long time, was a *tribute of* which any *citizen* might be *proud*. We doubt whether any similar scene, was ever witnessed, under like circum-



CHARLES WILLOUGHBY DAYTON, JR.
From photo when at Harvard College, 1895.

stances, in any previous city convention, for it was *known* by *delegates* and *spectators,* that the *one man power* had *elected* for the office of Mayor of Greater New York, *another* than *Mr. Dayton,* but in spite of this, when the name of Charles W. Dayton was *mentioned,* almost the *entire audience* rose, as if moved by a common purpose to impress upon the leader, that *here was the man* desired by *rank* and *file* to be the Democratic champion and lead the *party* in its *great contest.* It was a dramatic situation, of more than passing *significance* and it indicated the popularity and strength of a *Democrat,* the mention of whose *honorable name* evoked a tumult of *enthusiasm,* that *no one man power* could HUSH into SILENCE."

The New York Herald of October 1, 1897, in its account of the Democratic convention says:

"When the name of Dayton was read the biggest demonstration of the convention took place.

"The scene that followed the mention of Dayton's name was dramatic in the extreme. From the main floor, where the delegates were seated, there came tremendous cheers for Dayton. The spirit was infectious. It quickly spread to the boxes and to the galleries. Within half a minute scores of men sitting on the platform had taken it up.

" 'Dayton! Dayton! Dayton!' shouted the delegates and spectators.

" 'What's the matter with Dayton!' shouted one of the men sitting in the delegation from Borough of Manhattan.

" 'Hurrah for Dayton!' came back from the section of the building where sat the Brooklyn delegates.

"Men jumped to their feet, shouting and waving

their hats and canes. The chairman pounded wildly with his gavel in an effort to restore order. It was of no avail. The Dayton enthusiasm became more and more pronounced. The smashing of the machine slate and a stampede of the Convention to the former Postmaster was threatened.

"The leaders were at a loss what to do. The delegates seated about John C. Sheehan were shouting with the rest. A counter demonstration for some one else was the only resource, and this was adopted.

"The friends of William Sohmer, encouraged by the effectiveness of the Dayton boom, attempted to start a stampède for Sohmer. They created some stir, but as the Sohmer storm spent its force the Dayton boom again broke loose, gathering volume with every effort of the Dayton men to stampede the convention.

"The enthusiasm of the Dayton men swept backward and forward through the Convention hall, carrying everything and everybody before it. John C. Sheehan looked worried and pleased by turns. The two men for whose nomination he had contended in the conference of leaders, clearly were the favorites of the gathering. Yet Mr. Sheehan had pledged the machine to put the slate through, and he could then brook no change in the programme.

"No one realized the crisis more genuinely than did Chairman Jenks. Time and again he struck the table with his gavel, upsetting glasses and nearly jarring the big water pitcher, that stood on the table, off onto the floor. The Chairman finally succeeded in restoring order, but he did it only by refusing to recognize any of the several delegates who stood on the floor shouting for recognition. If any of the Dayton men had

been given an opportunity to place him in nomination but one thing seemed possible. That was the stampeding of the convention from Van Wyck to Dayton, and the smashing of the slate."

The action of the convention aroused great indignation, but its decision was absolute.

Meanwhile Henry George, the renowned Publicist and Political Economist, had been nominated for Mayor by the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson.

The newspapers of that day will show, a wide spread demand that the Republican "Boss" Platt and the Democratic "Boss" Croker should both be gotten rid of.

Seth Low, the President of Columbia College, had been nominated for Mayor by the Citizens' Union.

Benjamin F. Tracy, a distinguished lawyer, and former Secretary of the Navy, had been nominated for Mayor by the Republicans. By a sort of common consent, my brother's name, was on everybody's lips, as the strongest man to be associated with Henry George, in the battle of Democrats against the "Bosses." My brother was urged to allow the use of his name as a candidate, for Comptroller on the George ticket. He resisted the appeal, he said he was not identified with all the philosophy of Henry George. Reply was made that Mr. George was fighting only for *good government,* freedom in party management and the destruction of the "Boss" system. The appeal prevailed, and my brother took the nomination for Comptroller as will be seen by his letter of acceptance.

MR. DAYTON ACCEPTS NOMINATION FOR COMPTROLLER.

New York, October 15, 1897.

Willis J. Abbot, Esq., Chairman.

My Dear Sir: Your letter notifying me of my nomination by the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson for the office of Comptroller of Greater New York is received. Its sentiments regarding the public service and party obligations to the people have my sincere concurrence.

The administration of the office of Comptroller of the second city of the world is one which necessarily affects the interests of the poorest as well as the richest citizen. It will involve a system of finance not only of enormous magnitude, but of infinite detail, requiring industry, vigilance and executive arrangement of the highest obtainable kind. More than this, the Comptroller must stand between plunderous attacks upon the city treasury and the welfare of the citizens who pay taxes in any form. To the adminstration of that office along the lines here indicated I will, if elected, give my undivided energies and such abilities as I possess.

Agreeing, as I do, with many of the principles set forth in the platform of the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson, I deem the main issue in the municipal campaign now confronting the people to be, whether Crokerism shall for the next four years rule our greater city. By Crokerism I mean an imperious government in the hands of one man, who administers a principality solely through the agency of personal favorites, subserviency to his will, wishes and purposes being the essential test of fitness for office.

Until the people shall decide otherwise, I refuse to believe that this magnificent city, with all its attractions, its great future, its affairs and its treasury, will be placed in the hands of any self constituted ruler. Every instinct of manhood, self respect, patriotism, civic pride and true Democracy rebels against such a prospect.

At all events, I rejoice at the opportunity which your nomination offers to take a stand against such a humiliation.

The issue of personal rule in party affairs is fundamental to the cause of popular government. If one man can control the action of a great party from the primaries to conventions, and thus secure practical ownership of men elected to office, we no longer have a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," but instead, have a government of the people by a despot, for his own purposes, whatever they may be. If this despotism shall be permitted, laudable political ambition will be stilled, political interest must suffer, popular government must cease, and vassalage will take the place of personal liberty.

The coming of Mr. Croker and his assumption of complete control of the Democratic party of Greater New York, the autocratic methods pursued by him, the utter absence of any voice but his in the actions of the conventions of the party, the stifling of even the right to be heard on the floor of the conventions—all this seems to me to raise a doubt as to whether or not we are living in a land of freemen.

I believe the political organizations, but when an organization becomes the property of one man it ceases to be democratic.

My first vote was cast for Horatio Seymour. I have never failed in loyalty to the Democratic party, and in this campaign, I stand heartily with my fellow Democrats for the election of our superior State candidate, the Hon. Alton B. Parker.

The acceptance of your nomination in a campaign to be waged for good government and for the establishment of the doctrine that equal rights shall prevail in the councils of the Democratic party places me upon impregnable Democratic ground.

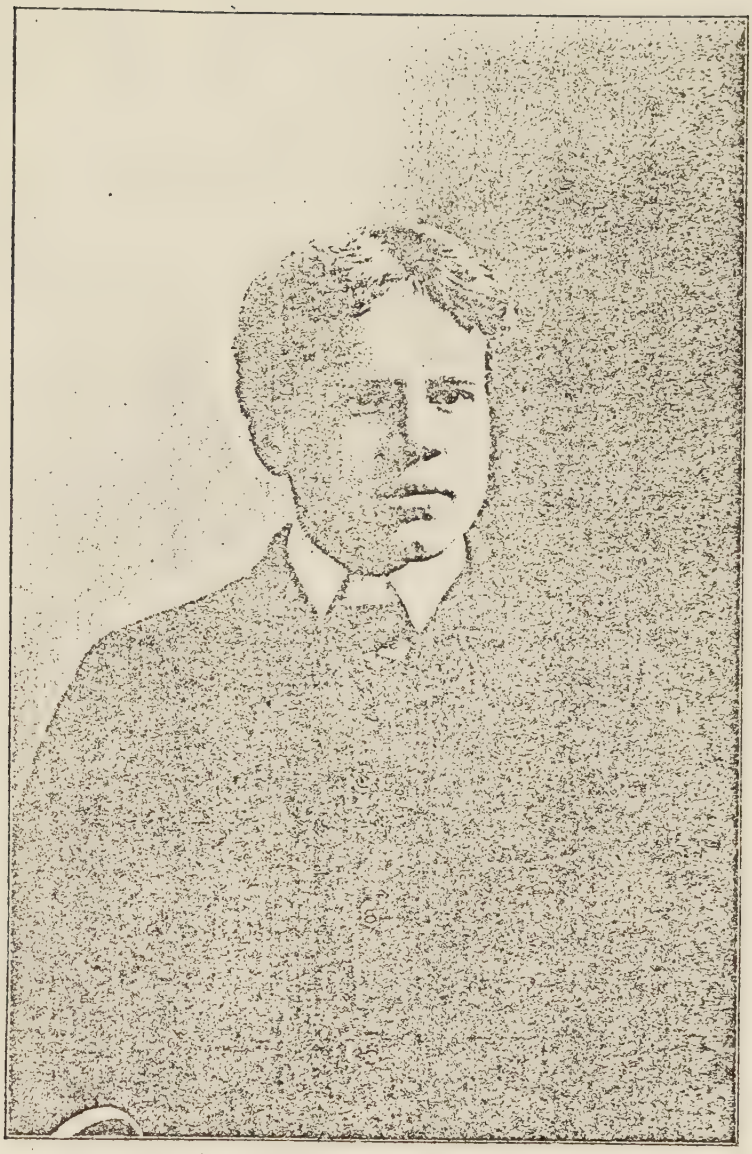
With assurance of my earnest efforts in the work of the campaign,

I am, yours very truly,

CHARLES W. DAYTON.

The New York Herald (and other papers of October 16th, 1897,) has an interview with Mr. George in which he says, "It makes no difference that Mr. Dayton is not a single taxer. Important above all other things in this campaign, in my opinion is the destruction of Crokerism. Mr. Dayton's letter defines the main issue. My platform is secondary to it. I never met Mr. Dayton until this campaign began, and in the few hours we have been together I have learned to admire him. His revolt must bring us the strength of victors.

My brother opened the campaign by a speech which I insert here.



JOHN NEWMAN DAYTON.

From photo, 1901.

SPEECH OF CHARLES W. DAYTON,

Terrace Garden, October 18th, 1897.

From the New York Times of October 19, 1897.

"It has been said by my good friends in Tammany that my position in this campaign is one of sorrow; that I am disgruntled and disappointed. They had built up for me, they say, a splendid career, if I would only bow down to Crokerism. (Hisses). That I have never done, and will never do. (Cheers). My recognition of the true duties of citizenship and my reverence for the Almighty would never have permitted it. (Long applause).

"The real problem before you is, Who shall win? Who shall rule this great city? The magnitude of the interests involved in the problem has never been equalled by any similar crisis in any other great city.

"As a Democrat, I naturally love Democratic principles; and it was my heart's desire and earnest hope that this campaign should be conducted on Democratic principles under the nomination by a true Democratic convention; of a Democrat worthy such a nomination. (Applause).

"At one time there was a good prospect that that would happen. But the man who, in the evil hour of the Democratic party, fled to other shores, came back, looking after something more for himself. (Hisses). In this campaign I do not intend to say a single word against any man's private character. 'Beneath the critic's cloak I wear no knife to stab the character of private life,' but in a great metropolis like this, any

man who seeks to sway the destinies of his party yields himself to all just criticism. (Applause).

"I say, as a believer in Jeffersonian Democracy, that the convention of the Democratic party should have been a free and open convention. (Applause).

"I tell you, what you already know, that to call the convention that met in Grand Central Palace a Democratic convention is ridiculous. (Applause). In the dark recesses of silent chambers, with two or three present at most, was given out the mandate of a single man, That was the method of the nomination of every candidate. (Applause).

"And when these 600 delegates, with their 600 alternates, met in Grand Central Palace to vote, they did not know who was to be their candidate, until they heard his name from those to whom the mandate had been given. (Long applause). When one confiding citizen from Kings sought to question the right of the leader to vote for him, with the swiftness of well-trained soldiers they silenced his voice, as if he had been an enemy instead of a friend. (Applause).

"I shall say nothing against those candidates; but were they as pure as angels who had never visited this earth before, I should denounce their candidacy as an outrage upon human rights, inasmuch as they were placed before the people in that manner. (Long Applause). I must argue from the manner of their candidacy that be they ever so pure, they will be none the less the creatures of the organization after they are elected than they were before. (Long applause).

"It is said that the distinguished Mr. Croker (hisses) asked a gentleman this question. This gentleman had called upon Mr. Croker to suggest the name of a candi-

date for councilman. Mr. Croker, after looking upon this suppliant with becoming severity, said: 'Sir, in whom would you place most confidence, the man who suggested the nomination or the man from whom the suggestion came?' 'Why,' replied the humble petitioner, 'the man who really suggests the nomination would probably secure the friendship of the man nominated.' Mr. Croker said, 'You are quite right, sir; good afternoon.' (Laughter).

"The system of Tammany Hall, under the administration of Mr. Croker, is based upon the system suggested by Mr. Croker himself, so that when committees and conventions meet they simply record the will of that gentleman. (Hisses). You heard the amusing story just told before the convention that Mr. Croker had yielded his powers to Sheehan, who would henceforth govern Tammany Hall. Sheehan, though sustained by a number of delegates in that convention, simply quailed before the glaring eye of Croker and was powerless. He and the other leaders were simply overcome and carried out the wishes of Croker. (Hisses).

"I mention these facts merely because they are pertinent to what I have to say. This city is soon to be governed under its new charter, and we should carefully consider whether or not it should be turned over to a man like that. (Long hissing and cries of "Never!") In fact, the Mayor and the Comptroller, acting together, will hold in their hands for four years the destiny of this City, so far as its credit and financial honor are concerned. Now, I think I know Henry George (Long cheering), and I think I understand myself. (Applause). I say here, in all sincerity, that

the personal ambitions of Mr. George and of myself are utterly lost sight of in this campaign. (Long and tumultuous cheering).

"When my friends in Tammany Hall speak of me as a disgruntled candidate, let me say that the charge passes by me as the idle wind. Nothing can be said against me by these men that will provoke from me a single retort. From this moment I appeal to Democrats and good citizens everywhere to stand between their City Government and Crokerism. (Applause).

"If the Labor vote of New York, shall help to place Crokerism in power in the Greater New York, let me say that, slaves as the laborers now are to the district leaders, they will be doubly slaves then. (Long cheering).

"There are hundreds of men in this hall to-night who know I speak the truth (cheers) when I say that on the surface railroads, laborers can get employment only by bending the knee to the district leader. (Cries of 'True, True!' 'That's so!') Place Crokerism in power and you place a chain about the neck of the laborer from which he cannot escape, if he should dare to attempt to assert his independence and manhood.

"I appeal to you as American citizens to resist this thralldom of Croker. Resist it in the interest of your freedom and of your manhood and of the privilege to earn your daily bread. (Tremendous applause and cheering).

"Thomas Jefferson expressed the spirit of the revolutionists when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and placed among the protests against the usurpation of the King, that the King had altered the fundamental forms of our government. I want to ask you

if Crokerism is not seeking to alter the forms of our government? Where will our liberties be if, in party conventions, the voice of the citizen is stifled? Shall it continue in the Greater New York as it has started in the Democratic party—where one man can rise in a convention and cast the votes of 2,000,000 people? What will become of the liberties of the people if that is allowed to go on?

"It is for this that I appeal to you in the spirit of patriotism and of civic pride. As you love your homes and hope to enjoy liberty in this city, which is to be great and splendid, will you not avoid the shame and the sorrow of turning over this city to Crokerism or anything like it (Long applause and cries of 'yes, yes')."

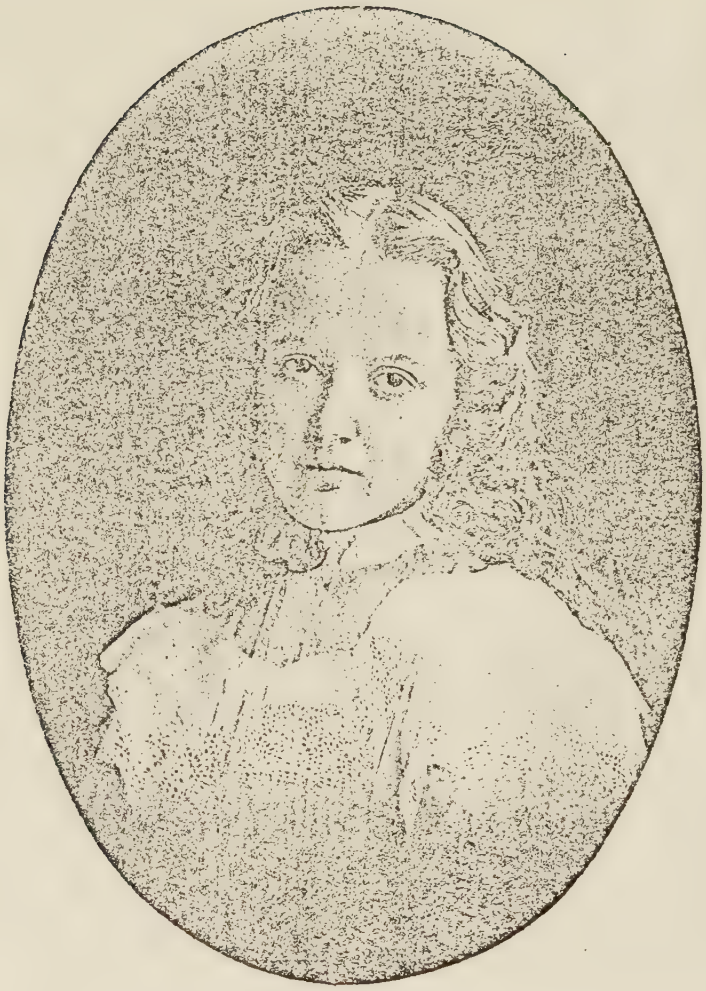
"I take my stand in liberty. The great corporations of this city are afraid of Croker. There are hundreds of business men who fear Croker. In the hearts of these corporations and of these men there is an underlying resistance and hate of Crokerism, but fear forbids them to speak out. Is it not a shame that in this nineteenth century such a statement can be truly made? When so humble a man as myself takes this stand, some of my friends shrug their shoulders, and say, 'Don't go into that terrible war against that terrible man.'

"But I appeal to the people of my native city, and say to men of all political faiths, that every particle of my being, every fibre of my body, every motion of my intellect, is devoted to what I regard as the holy cause of the liberty of the individual in matters of political rights." (Long applause).

Together Mr. George and my brother made a cam-

paign such as was not known before. They spoke night after night to immense audiences, travelling from place to place, all over Greater New York as rapidly as carriages or cars could take them. The newspapers were filled with accounts of these wonderful meetings, and the receptions given to my brother were, to quote from language then used, "fervid and tumultuous." The battle attracted the attention of the whole country. When it was at its very height and the "Bosses" had begun seriously to fear defeat there came to pass, a disaster, which appalled the world! On October 29th, scarcely more than a week before election day, Henry George died. The work and excitement of the campaign, had proved too much for his weakened health and he yielded a great life, on the altar of pure citizenship. I wish that I had space to quote for your benefit, descriptions of his funeral. The streets of the great city were lined on both sides of the way for miles, with masses of people, with men and women whose sad faces paid tribute to the passing of a great soul. Mr. George was gone, but the Demacracy of Thomas Jefferson resolved to go on, and my brother in a speech at this time said,

"Our gathering to-night is under circumstances, such as have rarely happened, in this or any other country. In the midst of an earnest and important campaign, one of our greatest and purest men has fallen with the banner clasped in his hand. He was engaged in a contest for the rights of the people, as against the encroachments of a modern aristocracy. When victory seemed almost assured, and when only last night he was in the field, cheering the hearts of his fellows, he was stricken down. To-day he lies cold and still. Ad-



LAURA ADAMS DAYTON.

mired, revered, and honored wherever the light of civilization shines, the loftiest and the lowliest alike are lifting up their voices to heaven in grief for his death and in thanksgiving, that Henry George has lived. And so we must not bow our heads and fold our hands, but in answer to a voice from another world, set our faces forward in the name of Henry George and for all that he stood for. The ranks have closed again. If our enemies are rejoicing in the death of our leader, let them know, that they are to meet an army which knows no fear, and falters not in disaster; our banner has been taken up again, and will be carried in the fore front of battle."

The effect of Mr. George's death, could not be overcome. The substitution of his son to head the ticket, could not in the nature of things, answer the requirements of the occasion. Henry George's place could not be filled and so disintegration followed, Van Wyck was elected and the cause was temporarily lost.

It is significant however, and a striking illustration of my brother's strength before the people, that notwithstanding the crushing blow, nearly forty thousand voters cast their ballot for him, though each of these voters *knew* he could not be elected; but still gave him their votes, to express their esteem for him, and the principles he represented. Of course the "Bosses" triumphed. The angel of death was their all powerful ally, but when *you* of to-morow read the story, you will find no *defeat for your kinsman.* You will be proud of such *courage* and you will *honor* the man who entered upon, and then remained in such a struggle. You will realize what a prominent man may have sacrificed in taking this stand against corruption and oppres-

sion, a fortune and high civic honors had he chosen to stoop *to the will* of the temporary *oppressor.* How this may have been I cannot say, but I *do know* that he never complained, but went sturdily back to his profession. As I have said before I see no reason why *I,* who write this biography should be denied the privilege of saying from the depths of a loving heart what I believe the future is entitled to know from me, so in my father's, my mother's and my own name, I am compelled to add, that a more unselfish, devoted, helpful son and brother, has never lived; and who should know this better than the only sister, who has always from baby days, until now, held him as her *ideal man.* Some day when he and the writer of these lines, shall have passed on, others will add their quota, upon the white pages left for the recording of the rest of his life's story and we pause until then.

WILLIAM ADAMS DAYTON, M. D.

From photo, by Moreno, 1891.

ELIZABETH SMALLWOOD DAYTON and
WILLIAM ADAMS DAYTON, Jr.

WILLIAM ADAMS DAYTON, M. D.

William Adams Dayton, second son of Abram Child Dayton and Maria Annis Tomlinson was born in New York City May 29th, 1858. He attended the Public schools and received the degree of M. D., from the Medical department of Columbia College, New York, in 1880. On December 25th, 1880, he married Emma Samson, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Whitfield Samson, D. D., one of the most distinguished classical scholars of the past century. Since 1885 my brother has been recognized as a specialist in diseases of the ear and throat. He has held positions of honor and importance in connection with the clinics and hospitals in New York city, where he has always practiced his profession. His children are Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton, born January 11th, 1882, and William Adams Dayton, Jr., born December 14th, 1885. In 1890, Dr. and Mrs. Dayton established their home at North Tarrytown, Westchester county, New York, and here the possibilities of home instruction have been carried out amid the delights of rural environment.

HAROLD CHILD DAYTON.

HAROLD CHILD DAYTON, third son of Abram Child Dayton and Maria Annis Tomlinson, was born in New York City, February 18th, 1861. He attended the Public Schools and determined to adopt a commercial life. In 1884 he went to Burlington, Iowa, to take charge of a grain Elevator property and in June, 1888, married Margaret E., daughter of William F. Hayden of Burlington, Iowa. At the end of six years my brother returned to the city of his birth and established himself in the railway supply business with a large house, and in the course of one and a half years outgrew his position, and went into business for himself. He has one living child, Hayden Child Dayton, born in New York city, August 12th, 1894. My brother resides at Nyack, New York. He is a member of the benevolent and Protective order of Elks; F. & A. M. Lodge of Nyack; Tappan-Zee yacht club, Nyack rowing club, and the Sagamore. In Politics he is a Democrat.

THE FESSENDEN CHILDREN AND THEIR MOTHER.

LAURA CANFIELD SPENCER DAYTON FESSENDEN.

No one has offered to write my autobiography; and I am faced with the pleasing alternative of doing it myself, or keeping out of the list of father's and mother's children. It does not in the least matter where I come in. A woman's age, is not at all an interesting topic with her, and so it will suffice that I was born after the oldest, and some time before the youngest child of my parents. I was born in old New York on the 29th of a certain December, and my memories of childhood are full to overflowing of peace and happiness; whatever shadows may have darkened the sky of father and mother we children dwelt in perpetual sunlight; whatever deprivations our elders sustained, we children had enough of the good things of life and to spare. Thus I passed from childhood into girlhood, and entered St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey. Soon after leaving school my mother's eldest sister, Mrs. Harvey N. Weed, who had always been very dear to me, persuaded my mother to let me spend most of my time with her, and as she was fond of travel, I had several years of wandering hither and yon. In 1880 I married Benjamin Arthur Fessenden, of Boston, Massachusetts, and we made our first home in Manitou, Colorado. There our oldest child, Aymar, was born. In 1883 we removed to Chicago, and our home is in the suburb of Highland Park, on Lake Michigan. Realizing with Mrs. Browning, that all the birds will sing, I have never felt impelled to quench the spark of literary impulse that longs to express itself; not so much

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that any may hear, as to have the personal joy of writing, so I have written some books that have been published, and some songs that have been sung. I belong to some women's clubs and have been regent of the North Shore Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and am one of the Charter members of the Chicago chapter D. A. R. The children are Alice, Dorothy, Aymar and Ben.

ALICE HYDE FESSENDEN.

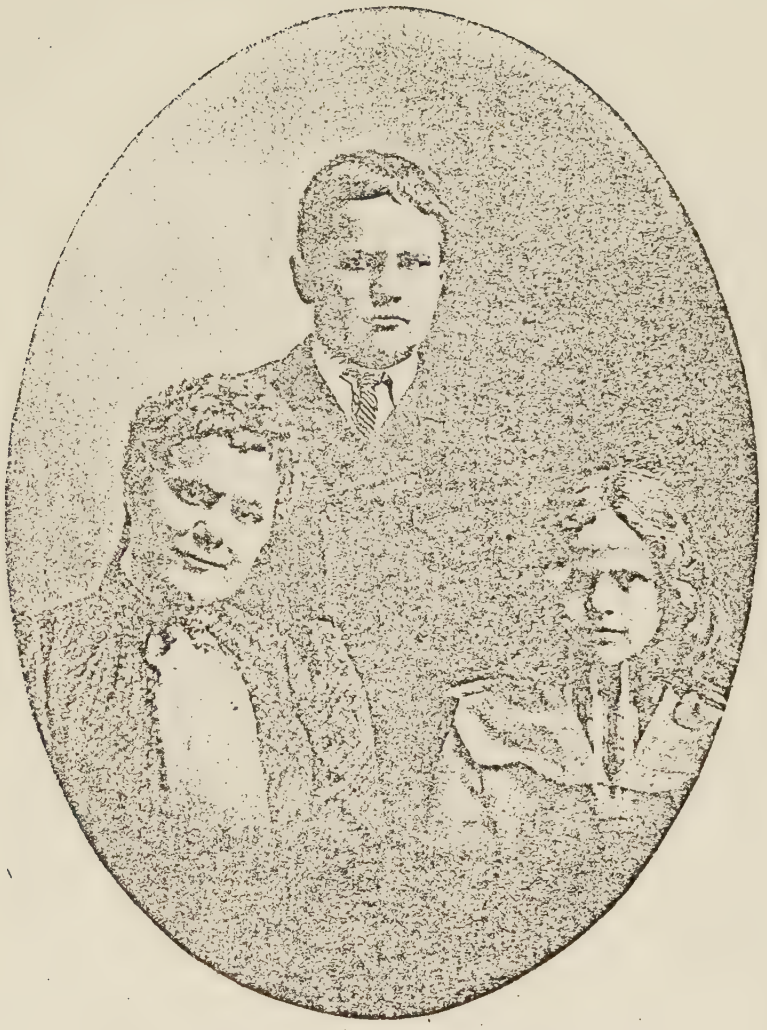
From photo 1901.

DOROTHY DAYTON FESSENDEN.

From photo 1901.

BENJAMIN HURD FESSENDEN.

From photo 1894.



ALICE, DOROTHY AND BEN FESSENDEN.

From photo 1901.

LAURA AUGUSTA (NEWMAN) DAYTON.

From Photo 1877.

LAURA AUGUSTA (NEWMAN) DAYTON.
From Photo 1901.

LAURA AUGUSTA (NEWMAN) DAYTON.

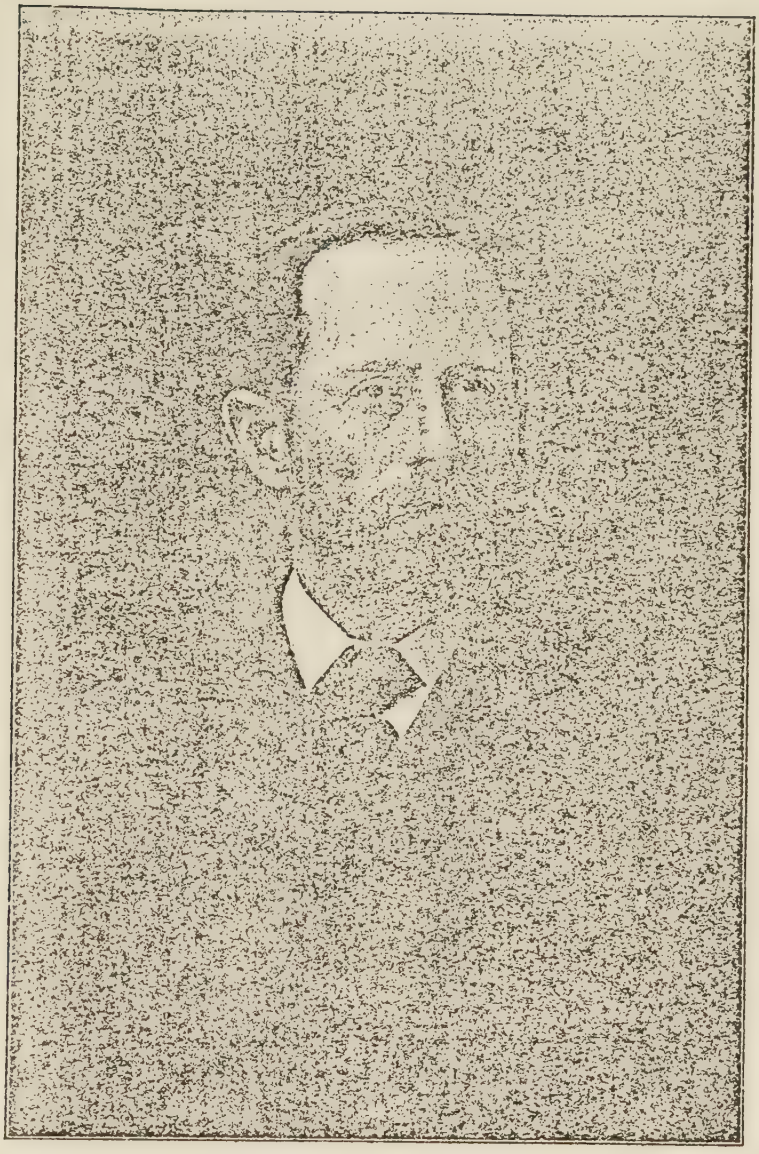
Laura Augusta Dayton, was born in New York City. Her father, John B. Newman, received his diploma as Doctor of Medicine from the New York University in 1843. A brilliant mind was placed in a frail body, and unable to live and practice his profession in his native city, Doctor Newman accepted the Presidency of the Woman's College at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. There he remained until his political views on the Slavery question, made the place so obnoxious to him that in spite of much urging, he came north and for the remainder of his short life devoted himself to Literature. He published several volumes and his work on Botany attracted special attention.

My sister-in-law is a member of the Daughters of the Revolution and of the Woman's New England Society: (On her mother's side through her Webb ancestry in Connecticut.) She was a very beautiful girl, and she is now a handsome, forceful, representative, gentlewoman. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her."

BENJAMIN ARTHUR FESSENDEN.

Benjamin Arthur Fessenden, son of Charles Bucknam Fessenden of Boston, and Susan Elizabeth (Skinner) Fessenden, of Charlestown, was born in Boston, August 2nd, 1848. He was for six years a pupil at Frank Sanborn's and the Public school in Concord, Mass. Here an ideal boyhood was passed; he tramped through the woods with Henry Thoreau, had private theatricals at the Alcott's, slid down the mossy roof of the Old Manse, played with the Hawthorne children, and was a visitor at the Emerson home.

Here he saw John Brown, and here too he watched the old Concord regiment start for the war. A regiment lineally descended from those "embattled Farmers" who in the dawn time of our American Revolution "had fired the shot" that was "heard round the world." During the Civil war the Fessenden family removed from Boston to New York City, buying a home on 38th street, just west of Fifth avenue. He entered the College of the City of New York, but in the second year was forced by ill health, to give up study. He then went to sea, making a trip twice around the world in one of his father's ships. Shortly after returning to New York he decided to go West and after some cowboy experience entered the employ of the Kansas and Missouri R. R. He was afterwards associated with the Chicago and Alton and the C. B. & Q. and Texas & Pacific. In 1880 he took a position as Assistant Manager in the lumber interests of Doctor W. A. Bell of Manitou, Colorado, where he met the author and whom he



BENJAMIN A. FESSENDEN.

subsequently married March 1, 1881; and in 1882 he came to Chicago and soon after established himself as a Real Estate Negotiator. He was partner and then successor to the late H. C. Morey, one of the oldest and most prominent Real Estate men of Chicago. My husband is a member of the Union League Club, the New England Society, the Real Estate Board and the Sons of the American Revolution. His family both on his father's and mother's side having been prominently representative people since early colonial days in the state of Massachusetts. Need it be added that he is a Republican.

CHILD.

Innumerable books on the Child family have been written so that it is not my intention to go into detail but simply to trace our line down to the present and we will begin with.

(1) William Le Childe,
Who was living at Northwich, England, in 1300.

(2) William Le Childe,
Northwich, 1350.

(3) Thomas Le Childe,
Who was a freeman in 1389 and whose name will be found in the History of Worcestershire.

(4) Thomas Le Childe,
of Worcestershire, 1426.

(5) William Le Childe,
son of Thomas (4).

(6) Henry Le Childe.

(7) Edward Le Childe,

Son of Henry (6) who was High Sheriff of Worcester, in 1426. In 1585 he married Annie Hanks, a daughter of Thomas Hanks. This strain would seem to connect us with that of President Abraham Lincoln, whose mother was Nancy or Anne Hanks.

(8) William Le Childe,

Son of Edward (7) was also High Sheriff of Worcester. He married a daughter of Jeffery and they had

(9) William Le Childe,

Of Northwich, and who was a Justice of the Peace. He married Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir William Babbington (Knight.) This William Childe was private Secretary to Lord Burleigh the Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth. He lived to be Eighty years old. dying on the 9th of December, 1633.

(10) William Child,

Son of William (9) lived in Northwich. He was a justice of Peace and married a daughter of Thomas Coventry whose name was Kathrine, and whose home was Combe Dalbot in the County of Worcester.

(11) Thomas Child,

Son of William (10) was a justice of Peace in 1660. He married Anne Mary a daughter of Sir Robert Jenkinson of Walcott County, Oxford. Sir Robert was a Baronet and is the ancestor of the Earls of Liverpool. Mr. Child died February the 11th, 1659.

(12) Robert Child,

Son of Thomas (11) went to London and settled in the Parish of St. Clementu Danes, before his father's death in 1655. He was a cloth merchant. He married in 1640 Elizabeth a daughter of Francis Vasby of Bury St. Edmonds, Suffolk. It would seem that it was through this Francis Vasby that the name Francis became so popular in our branch of the Child Family.

(13) Francis Child,

Son of Robert Child was born at Heddington in 1643, so that he was twelve or thirteen years old when his father removed to London. In the March of 1656, he was apprenticed to William Hall a goldsmith of London and served him for eight years. When his term of apprenticeship had expired he was received into the Goldsmith's Fraternity. This was March 24th, 1664. A month later in the same year he was made a freeman of London. On page 195 of the Marriage book of the Vicar of Canterbury is this entry "October 2nd, 1671. Francis Child a citizen and Goldsmith of St. Clement Danes (28) and Elizabeth Wheeler spinster (21) ". This Elizabeth Wheeler was the direct ancestor of a long line of Goldsmiths. John Wheeler, 1575. John, 1609. William 1643. William, 1663. When William Wheeler last named died his widow the mother of Elizabeth married another Goldsmith named Robert Blanchard and he was a very good step-father to Elizabeth Wheeler and when she married Francis Child he took his step-daughter's husband into partnership. The firm of Blanchard and Child gradually extended their business to the loaning of money, and then to Banking, and in time they became

the founders of the famous house of Child and Company. In 1681 Robert Blanchard died, and Francis Child became his sole heir and he then took John Rogers a silversmith as a partner. On the 6th of January, 1681, Francis Child was elected a member of the London Common Council from St. Dunston Farringdon ward. In October of the same year he was Knighted by William the III. He was elected High Sheriff of London in September, 1690, and on September 29th, 1698, he was made Lord Mayor of London. The inauguration was on the 29th of October and was an occasion of unusual magnificence. A description of this event was published by the Goldsmith's company. It is profusely illustrated, and on the title page is the following superscription. "Glorys Ressurection Being the Triumph of London revived, for the Inauguration of the Rt. Honorable Francis Child, Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London." This publication is exceedingly rare. There is a copy owned by the Guild Hall Library in London. Sir Francis Child in 1692 advanced to the Crown (with Sir J. Hearne and Sir J. Evans) Fifty Thousand pounds. In 1650 he was a member of the Honorable Artillery company. In 1694 Colonel of one of the city Train bands. He was a member of Parliament for the city of London 1705, 1708 and 1710. He was for several years President of the board of Managers of Christ Church Hospital and at his own expense he built in 1705 the ward over the east cloister. One portrait of Sir Francis Child hangs in the hall of Christ Church Hospital. One taken in his robes of office as Lord Mayor and taken in 1699 hangs in the Library at Osterly Park. Sir Francis Child had a town house at Fullham, called East

End House. He purchased Osterly Park in 1711. He died at Fullham on October 4th, 1713 and Lady Child died in 1720. They had twelve sons and two daughters but most of them died in infancy or early youth.

(14) Thomas Child,

Son of Francis Child (13) was born in 1678. In 1698 he married Elizabeth Rogers the daughter of his father's partner. He decided to leave England and make his home in the new world and shortly after 1700 he came with his wife and infant children to New York city and "bought a considerable property". He lived on Water street and when he died he left property on Chatham near Pearl, and "a house and lot in Brooklands (Brooklyn) near the ferry". He was a member of the Dutch Reformed church and he had a number of sons and daughters.

(15) Francis Child,

Son of Thomas Child (14) was born in London in 1699. On the first of January, 1719, he married Cornelia Vele a daughter of Garret and Cathrine (Van Dusen) Vele. Mr. Child owned property on Fresh Water Hill (now Chatham street). In 1736 he was admitted a freeman. He does not appear to have been a successful man. He made many business ventures and died intestate in 1750 leaving a widow and eight children.

(16) Francis Child,

Son of Francis Child (15) was baptised in the Dutch Church July 29th, 1724. He married Kathrine Tomlinson a daughter of John Tomlinson. He left one son.

(17) Francis Child.

Son of Francis Child (16) was born in 1749. In 1785 he founded and edited The Daily Advertiser. He married Jane Delano the daughter of Abram Delano. Mr. Child resided on Water street in winter and had a country place at Tarrytown on the Hudson. He had also property on Chatham street. He died in 1808.

(18) Abram Delano Child,

Son of Francis Child was born in 1772. He was a tin merchant at 10 Water street and was in Partnership with a relative John Bruce. In 1792 he married Francis Moffitt, a daughter of John Moffitt and Charlotte (Aymar) Moffitt of New York city. He was an elder in the old Dutch church and was beloved and honored by all who knew him. He died a rich man and left a widow and the following children.

Francis————————who married Abbie James of Virginia.

Charlotte————————who married Noah Pike of New York.

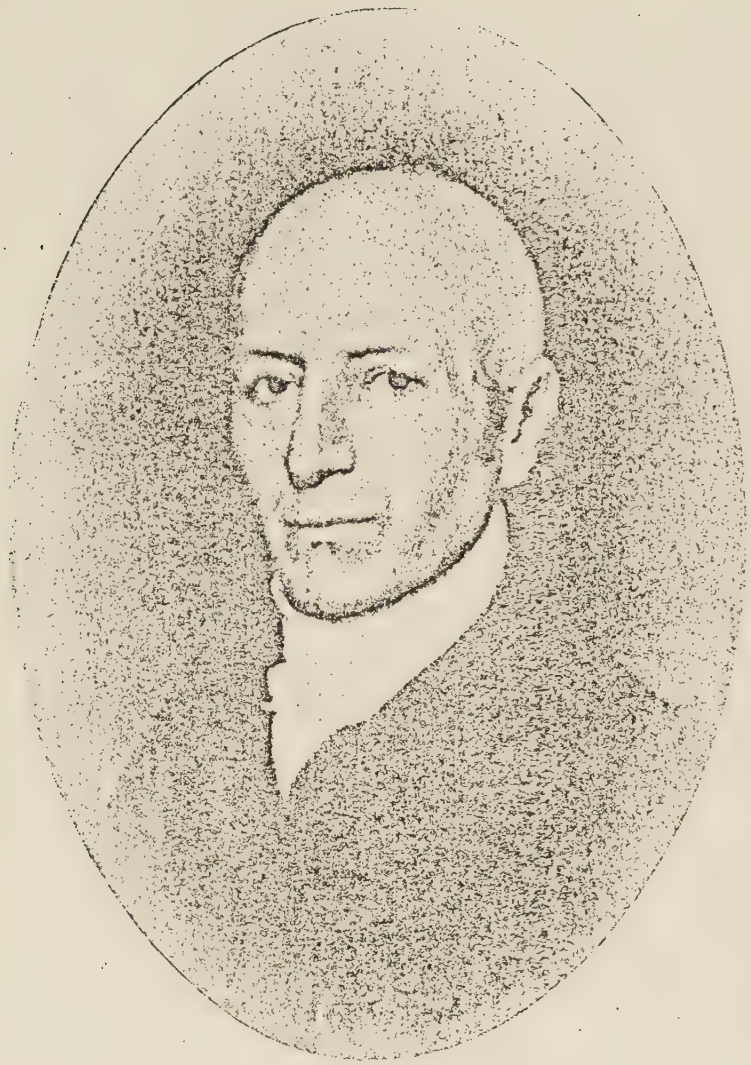
Eliza Delano who married Samuel Montmorenci Freeman of New Orleans, La.

Jane Raveau who married Charles Willoughby Dayton of New York.

Amelia————who married a Mr. White of Philadelphia.

(19) Jane Raveau Child.

Daughter of Abram Child (18) was born in New York city. She married Charles W. Dayton of New



ABRAM DELANO CHILD.

York and was the mother of our father Abram Child Dayton. I have a mourning pendant resembling a small open faced watch. It is of dull gold set with brilliantly polished black onyx. On a golden line between the first and second rows is this inscription "Jane Dayton, Obit 14th January, 1829, aged 33 years two months and 27 days. This grandmother had been so long an invalid, that her son (our father) had no remembrance of her save as bolstered up among her pillows and in a shaded room. He used to say that he had no recollection of her face but if he shut his eyes he could always see her small, beautiful hands stretched out to him, and he seemed to hear again her sweet voice.

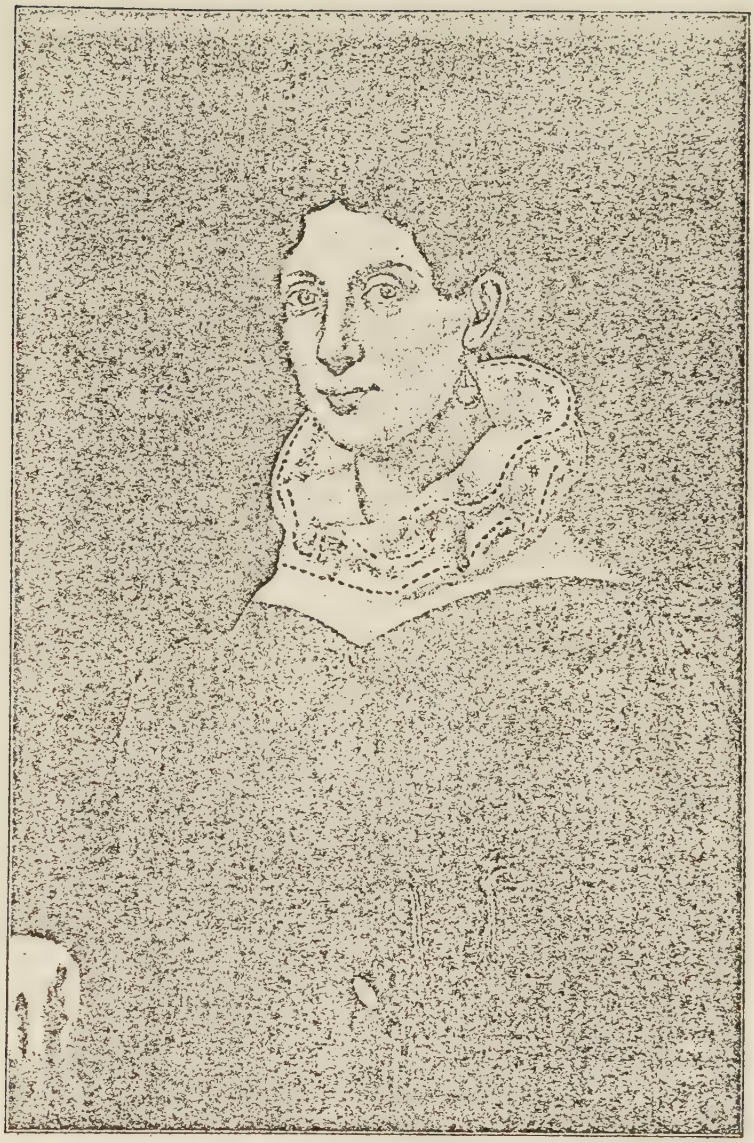
(20) Abram Child Dayton.
(21) Charles Willoughby Dayton.
Laura Dayton Fessenden.
William Adams Dayton.
Harold Child Dayton.
(22) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.
Aymar Child Fessenden.
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton.
John Newman Dayton.
Alice Hyde Fessenden.
Laura Adams Dayton.
William Adams Dayton, Jr.
Ben Hurd Fessenden.
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden.
Haydon Child Dayton.

ELIZA DELANO CHILD.

Eliza Delano Child although not a direct ancestor was the daughter of Abram Child and Fannie Moffitt Child, and is our great aunt. Her first husband was Thomas Van Cortland Parcells being on his maternal side related to the Van Cortlands for whom the park in New York city is named. There were two daughters by this marriage Francis Van Cortland, and Anne Delano both of whom are dead. The second husband of Eliza Delano Child Parcells was Samuel Montmorenci Freeman a gentleman from New Orleans, Louisiana. By this marriage there were three daughters. Edwin who died in infancy, Kathrine Aymar and Charlotte Louise. Kathrine is Mrs. Roberts, and Louise is Mrs. Whitehead.

Mrs. Whitehead has two sons and two daughters. Mrs. Roberts has six children

Franklin Van Cortland Parcells.
Grace Von Braam.
Charles Henry Von Braam.
Owen Freeman.
Irving Bruce.
Thornton.



ELIZA DELANO (CHILD) FREEMAN.

DELANO.

We go back to one Phillip de Lannay a French Huguenot who was the son of Jean and Marie de la Lanny who fled from France into Holland, where our Phillip was born in 1602 (Leyden being his birth place.) Phillip came to Bridgewater Massachusetts and there married Mary Pontious of Duxbury. This is another line that has been faithfully written up and I shall merely give the connecting link and leave blank pages for any who desire to trace out the links which come down to *Abram Delano* of Tarrytown who married Rachael Martling and whose daughter Jane married Abram Child (18).

AYMAR.

Again we are confronted with books galore on the Aymar story, so I will say in prelude that the Aymars are an old and prominent French family with a strong intermingling of English blood in which "a half brothership to King John" is said to figure; this half brother "is entombed in Westminster Abbey, and his Tomb chronicles the fact that he was one of the founders of Oxford College." Our American ancestor Jean Aymar came to America in 1731 and settled in New York city. He was an elder of the French church, King, now Pine street, and he died in 1755. In his will he mentions his children, John, David, James, Daniel, Judith, Magdalen, Lucrice, Charlotte, Marie and Jean,

also his wife Francis Belon. I fancy that the Aymars must have been West India merchants from the first, for Walter Barret in his "Merchants of Old New York" speaks on page 72 of Aymar and Company, in 1809, and says they were doing an enormous business in the West Indies. He says that W. B. Todd was in the firm and Robert H. Stewart. Now, Mrs. John M. Bruce (whom my father called "cousin") was a granddaughter of W. B. Todd, and I have always heard that Robert Stewart who married Margaret Thebout, was a cousin too. This leads me to think that Jean, or John Aymar was a West India Merchant.

CHARLOTTE AYMAR.

CHARLOTTE AYMAR, daughter of Jean Aymar and Francis (Belon) Aymar was married in New York city, October 27th, 1765, to John Moffitt. From the register of the French church I give a translation of the entry of this marriage.

"To-day, October 27th, 1765, there has been hallowed by a minister of God, the marriage ceremony of John Moffitt and Charlotte Aymar. Also by Law has this marriage been ratified, by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, on the 24th day of this same month. The religious ceremony was held at the residence of the gentleman grandfather Many. There were present many young people, also the mother, brothers and sisters of the bride, also the parents of the bride-groom who signed the deed. The said ceremony occurred in New York city this day, October 27th, 1765.

J. P. TETARD, Pastor."

I find that in 1756 Daniel Aymar, son of Jean Aymar (1), married Anne Magdalen Many, and that in *1749* Madaline *Aymar,* a daughter of Jean had married Francois *Many.* I think this "Gentleman grandfather" referred to by the Reverend Mr. Tetard, must have been the father-in-law of Daniel and Madaline Aymar, and that he must have invited the fatherless young girl to be married from his home.

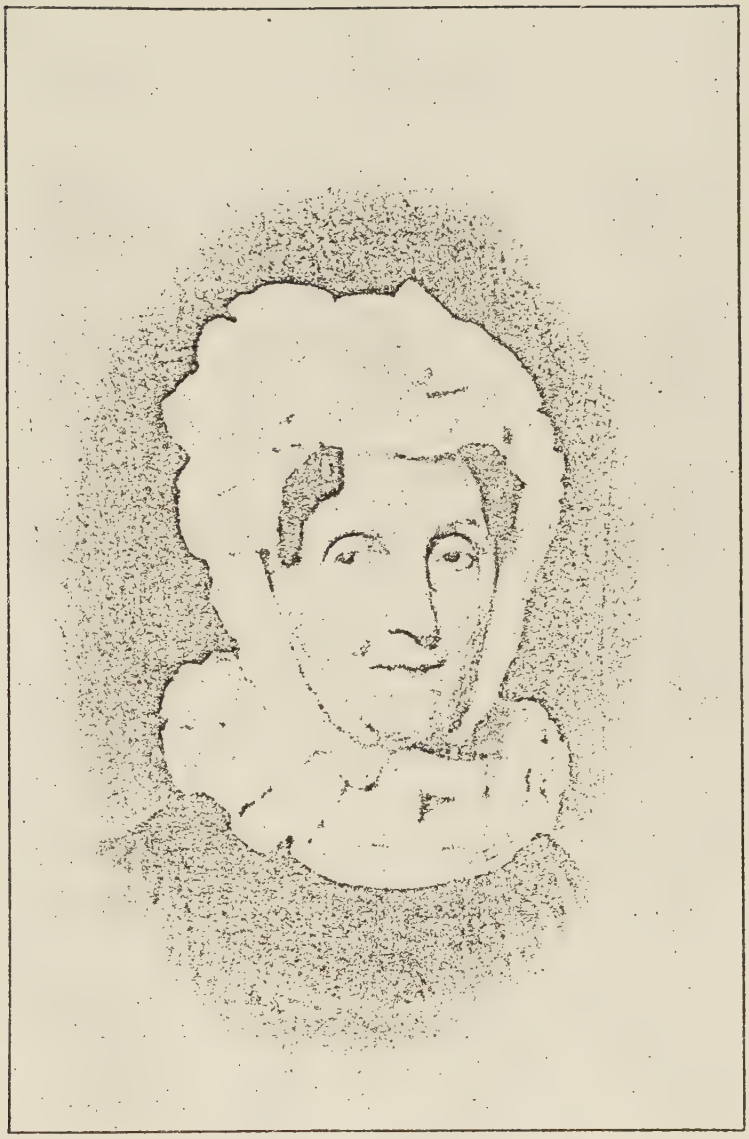
(1) Jean Aymar,
(2) Charlotte Aymar,
(3) Fannie Aymar Moffitt,
(4) Jane Raveau Child,
(5) Abram Child Dayton,
(6) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
Laura Dayton Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton,
Harold Child Dayton,
(7) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.
Aymar Child Fessenden,
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton,
John Newman Dayton,
Alice Hyde Fessenden,
Laura Adams Dayton,
Williams Adams Dayton, Jr.,
Ben Hurd Fessenden,
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden,
Haydon Child Dayton.

MOFFITT.

I know nothing at all of this line except that our great, great grandmother, Charlotte Aymar was the daughter of John Aymar and married John Moffitt of New York city, and that they had two children, John and Francis, for in his will John Moffitt mentions his wife, Charlotte Aymar, his son and daughter, John and Francis, his brother-in-law, John Aymar and his dear friend Augustus Van Cortland.

FRANCIS AYMAR MOFFITT.

Francis Aymar Moffitt, or Fannie Aymar, as she is always spoken of in our family, was married to Abram Child, on the 12th of April, 1792. In the history of every family there are always those whose individuality and charm predominate above all the others of their day and generation. Our great grandmother Child has come down to us as a precious legacy as something rare, delicate and sweet, and yet with all forceful and eminently independent. She was tiny and dainty, and although she lived far beyond her three score years and ten she never grew old, and she never was feeble or ill. After her husband's death she gave up her home on St. John's Park, and lived with her children or as she was pleased to name it, "visited" them, staying at each house in turn as long as she willed, and then taking up her abode with another. Every Sabbath morning under the plate of her son, her son-in-law or favorite nephew (John Bruce) would be found a ten dollar gold piece and no comment of any sort was



FANNIE AYMAR (MOFFITT) CHILD.

permitted. As I have said she was an unusually gentle little lady but this attitude did not prevent her having an undaunted *spirit* as the following story shows:

When our father (Abram Child Dayton) came back from his college days in Europe, he had a suite of bachelor apartments at the City hotel and one night about nine o'clock he received this note from his grandmother.

"My Dear Grandson.

I am at your Aunt Charlotte's. I wish to go to John Bruce's. Bring a coach for I wish to have my box taken too.

Your grandmother, FANNIE AYMAR CHILD."

Greatly puzzled, father hurried to his Aunt Charlotte's to find that relative (a dear good woman) literally bathed in tears, but she made the mystery deeper by offering no explanation, so he went up to his grandmother's room and there sat the dear old lady on her small horsehair brass studded trunk, her bonnet and cloak on and her umbrella and band box beside her. When they were safely out of the house and en route for John Bruce's, she said very quietly. "I never personally approved of Noah (he was aunt Charlotte's husband) but that is a matter of taste. Well, Abram, to-night Noah read a chapter in the Bible, and made a long prayer and we all went up stairs to bed. You know, Abram, how fond I am of oysters. Well, after I had put on my night cap and bed gown, I distinctly realized that there were oysters roasting in the house, and I went right down as I was and there if you will believe me, Abram, in the dining room sat my daughter and my son-in-law at supper! That is all, Abram, and

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we will now change the subject," but for all that she never spent another night under poor aunt Charlotte's roof, as long as she lived. When she had passed her eightieth year, she laid her down to take her usual nap, in seemingly perfect health. It was always her custom to be roused half an hour before noon by her maid, who brought her a small cup of black coffee to take before she dressed for dinner (which was then served at noon), and the maid found that in the midst of sweet dreams Grandma Child had gone her way into the great Unknown.

(1) John Moffitt,
(2) Fannie Aymar Child,
(3) Jane Child Dayton,
(4) Abram Child Dayton,
(5) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
Laura Dayton Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton,
Harold Child Dayton,
(6) Charles Willoughby Dayton, Jr.,
Aymar Child Fessenden,
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton,
John Newman Dayton,
Alice Hyde Fessenden,
Laura Adams Dayton,
William Adams Dayton, Jr.,
Ben Hurd Fessenden,
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden,
Haydon Child Dayton.

WILLOUGHBY.

I could sit me down and write delightful chapters about this Willoughby link, but all my knowledge is founded upon *tradition,* and so I leave the absolute working out of this strand and all its unravelment to some one else; my father told me that we could date back to Robert Willoughby afterwards Lord Willoughby d'Ersby, who was knighted in the battlefield of Claverock, by King Edward the 1st, in the December of 1299. He said that we had a touch of Spanish blood, through Mary Saline, one of the ladies in waiting upon Queen Kathrine (Mary Saline married Richard Bertie Lord Willoughby D'Ersby). There were Willoughbys that came to New England in the early Colonial days and undoubtedly they are our kindred; but our father always insisted that his great grandfather was the first of our line to come to America. I have been fortunate in being able to have correspondence with several people of advanced years related to the Dayton family and from them all the story I am about to relate is vouched for. They all saying that they had heard in substance the same legend in their childhood from very old people, who were witnesses of the events. My father told me that his great grandfather Willoughby, was an officer in the British army, that he fought a duel and killed his antagonist. That at this time duelling was severely punished, and that because of his father's high official and social position, he was enabled to escape. He was a widower with one child, a daughter, scarcely more than a girl. She refused to leave her father in his peril and made her way to

America with him. Her name was Elizabeth and she was called Pollie. Under assumed names they reached the port of New Haven, Connecticut, only to find that the story of their flight had arrived before them. Through the help of Willoughby relatives, they found a hiding place in a woodman's hut in a forest, close to the village of Stratford, Connecticut. The noble fugitive fell ill in his hiding place, and on his death bed gave the hand of his daughter Elizabeth, in marriage to Brewster Dayton. She had two children, Elizabeth and Charles Willoughby, and died when the latter was born.

In speaking of her, father used to quote Whittier's lines:

"An exile from a far off land found refuge here and rest,
And was of all the village maids the fairest and the best.
She rests in quiet on the hill beneath the locusts' bloom,
She sleeps as sweetly and as still as though with pomp entombed."

When Pollie (Willoughby) Dayton died, her two little children were taken from their father's home, the girl into the family of the village lawyer, the boy (our grandfather) became a member of the family of the Reverend Nathan Birdsey of Roanoke, Connecticut. This fact is positive as it was told my father by Miss Nabby Birdsey, a maiden sister of the Rev. Nathan, who kept house for him. She (Miss Nabby) lived to be an old, old woman, and our grandfather felt the tenderest love and reverence for her. Until her death he used to visit her at stated intervals and on

one of these occasions took his little son, our father, to whom Miss Nabby told the story I have just related. Our grandfather as I have stated in his story, lived with Mr. Birdsey until he began his business life.

(1) Elizabeth Willoughby,
(2) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
(3) Abram Child Dayton,
(4) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
Laura Dayton Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton,
Harold Child Dayton.
(5) Charles Willoughby Dayton,
Aymar Child Fessenden,
Elizabeth Smallwood Dayton,
John Newman Dayton.
Alice Hyde Fessenden,
William Adams Dayton, Jr.,
Ben Hurd Fessenden,
Dorothy Dayton Fessenden,
Haydon Child Dayton.

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DE MORTON.

Through Robert de Morton, silk merchant, 1400, whose daughter Joan married William de Deighton.

DE DUFFIELD.

From Robert De Duffield, who was a silk merchant in 1380 and whose daughter Isabel married John De Deighton, we go back to Richard De Duffield who was a freeman in 1293, William (2) 1211 William (3) 1334 and (4) John 1354 all freemen and all silk merchants of York.

STAPLETON.

From Sir John Stapleton whose daughter Margaret married John Copeleyand whose daughter Elizabeth married Robert Deighton.

VAN DUSEN.

Through, Kathrine VanDusen (Vele) whose daughter, Kathrine married Francis Child.

BELON.

Through Francois Belon, who married Jean Aymar.

TOMLINSON.

Through John Tomlinson, whose daughter Kathrine married Francis Child.

REED.

From Johannah Reed wife of William Green, whose daughter married William Deighton, in 1584.

COPELEYAND.

Through John Copeleyand, whose daughter Elizabeth married Robert de Deighton in 1550.

VELE.

From Garret Vele, whose daughter Cornelia married Francis Child.

ROGERS.

From John Rogers, whose daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Child.

WHEELER.

From Elizabeth Wheeler who married Francis Child in London, 1671.

GREEN.

From Ralph Green, whose daughter Agnes married William Deighton in 1584.

POOL.

From Henry Pool of St. Martin's, London, whose daughter Agnes married Ralph Dayton.

VASBY.

From Francis Vasby of Suffolk, whose daughter Elizabeth, married Thomas Child.

JENKINSON.

From Sir Robert Jenkinson, whose daughter Anne Mary married Thomas Child.

COVENTRY.

From Thomas Coventry, whose daughter Kathrine married William Child (see date in Child record.)

BABBINGTON.

From Sir William Babbington, whose daughter married William Child during Queen Elizabeth's reign.

HANKS.

From Thomas Hanks, whose daughter Anne married Edward Child in 1566.

BREWSTER.

From Sarah Brewster, daughter of Daniel Brewster of Brookhaven, Connecticut, who married Samuel Dayton early in 1700.

WOODRUFF.

From John Woodruff of Southhampton, Long Island, whose daughter Elizabeth married Robert Dayton in 1652.

Blank pages for other lines or for the setting down of incidents of historical or family interest or for the inserting of printed *Biographical* notices of now living members of the family or for *personal autobiography.*